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TROUBLES ABROAD.

THE questions between Germany and Denmark have long irritated the rest of Europe, and they are now become fairly alarming. The matters in dispute are not, after all, so very

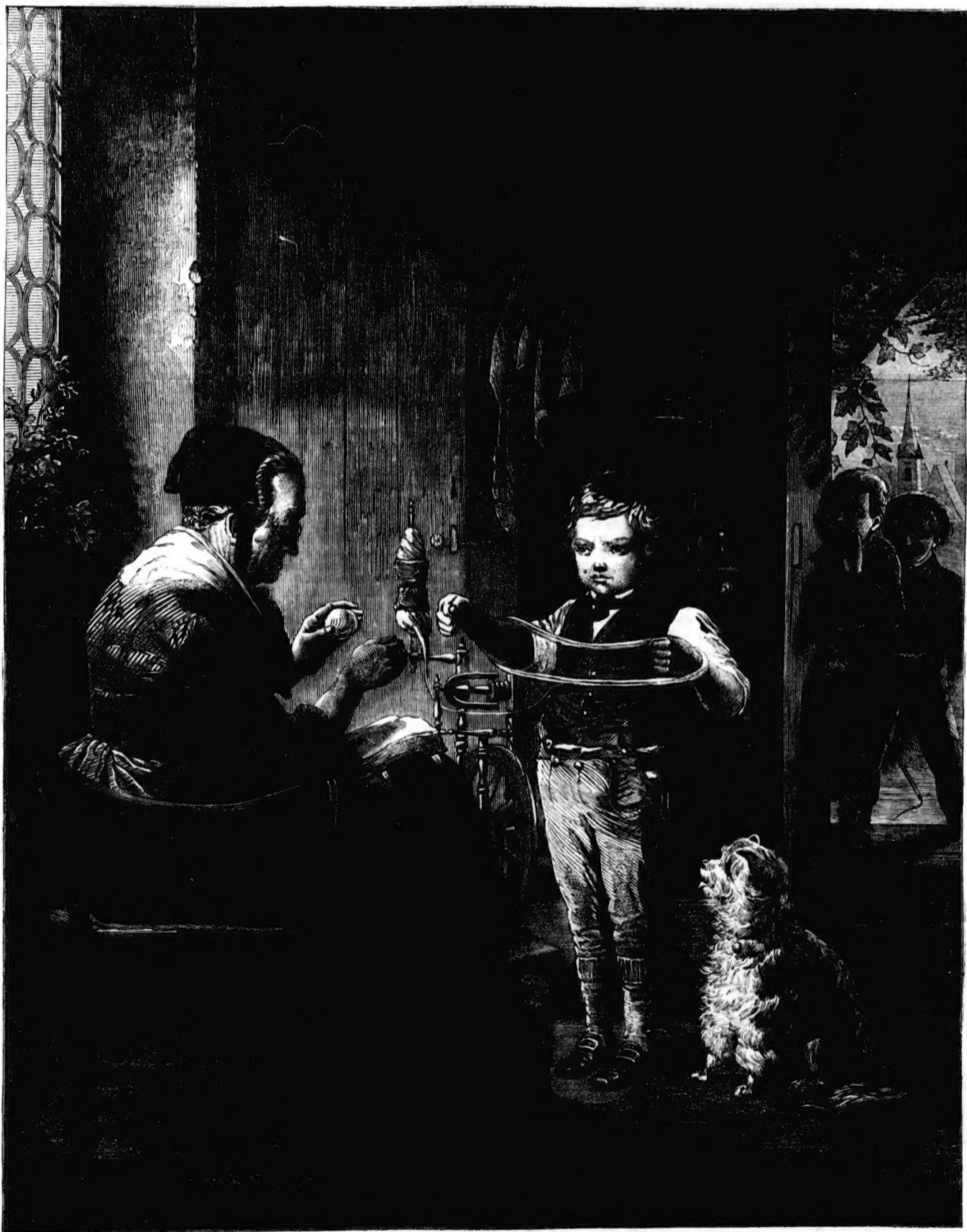
difficult to understand, as will be seen by reference to the statement of them, which we print in another column. There it appears that the Holstein difficulty began as long ago as the seventeenth century; but as recently as 1852 a treaty was signed which simplifies it very much, and, indeed, would virtually solve the question at once if only the obligations of the treaty were as indisputable as its terms. But it seems that they are not so considered in Germany. The purpose of this treaty is clearly set forth in the preamble, which states that "the integrity of the Danish Monarchy is of high importance to the preservation of peace;" and then goes on to say that the parties to the treaty, conceiving "an arrangement by which the succession to the whole of the dominions now united under the sceptre of his Majesty the King of Denmark should devolve upon the male line, to the exclusion of females, would be the best means of securing the integrity of that Monarchy, have resolved, at the invitation of his Danish Majesty, to conclude a treaty, in order to give to the arrangements relating to such order of succession an additional pledge of stability by an act of European acknowledgment."

This is done, accordingly, in solemn form; and the meaning of the engagement is, that the Prince who lately succeeded

to the throne of Denmark also succeeded to the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. The treaty is signed by the Ministers of England, Austria, France, Prussia, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark; and the wonder is, therefore, that

it is contended, therefore, that the treaty is of no effect. The Germans declare that the succession to the Duchies is the right of Prince Frederick of Augustenburg; the Prince puts forth his pretensions boldly and promptly; and they have been solemnly recognised by the Dukes of Saxe-Coburg and Baden. All Germany is in their favour; among the Holsteiners themselves there are many partisans of Prince Frederick, and we hear of an organised determination amongst official and leading men there to refuse the oath of allegiance which the King demands. Meetings have been held, troops have been called out, and there is every promise of a conflict.

And yet, if there is anything in treaty obligations, war should certainly be avoided in this case. Here are all the leading Powers of Europe bound to recognise the King of Denmark, and not Prince Frederick of Augustenburg, as heir to the Duchies. England, Russia, France, Austria, Prussia, having entered into an arrangement for "the preservation of peace," cannot allow the treaty to be set aside to the disturbance of peace. Of course, the Holsteiners have the "sacred right of rebellion," and, if they will have nothing to do with King Christian as a Sovereign, he must not be forced on them. But the pretensions of Prince Frederick, on the score of "legitimacy," are intolerable. It is also intolerable



"A TRIAL OF PATIENCE."—(FROM THE PICTURE BY KRETZSCHMER.)

there should be any question about it now. But the Duchies are a part of the Germanic Confederation, and, though Prussia and Austria both sanctioned the King of Denmark's succession formally, the German Diet did not, and

that Prussia or Austria should make engagements as independent Powers, and break them as members of the Germanic Confederation.

We have great confidence, however, that no serious

conflict will arise—none that we shall be called upon to take part in; and there is quite trouble enough on our hands as it is. Two "little wars" have already begun; and both may prove difficult, and neither can end in much credit. Indeed, it is impossible for any candid mind to avoid the doubt that the Japanese war is commenced wrongfully and disgracefully; while there are serious grounds for the misgiving that here we have to deal with an enemy more difficult to conquer than some European nations. These are no Chinese—that much has been made abundantly clear already; and, considering how far away and how foreign is the scene of action—how few and how hazardous the means of attack—how abundant the means of defence; considering, also, the bravery, the skill, the numbers of the Japanese people, we confess we look upon our new enterprise amongst them with much apprehension. Though France, England, and America combine, we cannot doubt that the task of putting down the Japanese will never be accomplished without a far greater expenditure of blood and money than the good people of "the city" have calculated upon or care for, perhaps. And, what is more, the subversion of such a people as we have every reason to believe the Japanese to be is, after all, nearly impossible. We may be mistaken in them, to be sure. The great principalities of their vast empire may be in a condition to fall to pieces just as those of India were when the "Company" began its wonderful career of conquest and trade; but we have no reason to come to any such conclusion. What we do know about the Japanese is that they are very daring, very rich, very ingenious, enterprising, and obstinate. They are perfectly aware of the strength that can be brought against them, for they have seen it; moreover, they have been preparing to meet it, apparently; and therefore it is much to be regretted, on other grounds besides those of common sense and morality, that we have so ugly a part in the quarrel. *Civis Romanus sum*, and all that sort of thing notwithstanding, we cannot help seeing at the bottom of this disaster the unhandsome figures of vulgar Englishmen made suddenly rich. And, though it may be a serious thing to differ with leading journals, we cannot sink the opinion that if, for instance, the laws of a strange country which never wished for the presence of civilising white men require that the civilised white man who comes to trade there should not shoot other men's game, and should get out of the way when a Prince of the country is riding by, the civilised one is bound by those regulations, and must be left to take the consequences if he wilfully breaks them. It is very unfortunate for him, of course, if his punishment ends in his death; but there is plenty of room for the opinion that that is his business, for the most part. We must learn much more about the provocation which resulted in the burning of Kagosima before we can believe it sufficient, or nearly sufficient. Nobody doubts now that it was grossly exaggerated; and so, says Lord Alfred Paget, has been the burning of Kagosima. Well, he should know best about that; but if he is in possession of information other than the despatches already published, and more favourable to the British Admiral's policies and performances, it is a vast pity he does not make it public also. At present, we can only judge by those despatches themselves; and if it be wrong for an Admiral to burn a town full of people, whether by way of reprisals or in the conduct of ordinary hostilities, then it seems to us that Admiral Kuper stands self-condemned. Lord Alfred Paget must know that he will soon be obliged to give that explanation of the Admiral's conduct which we shall all be so glad to have without further delay. Why, then, does he not gratify the country at once?

Our quarrel with the natives of New Zealand is less important, perhaps, but it has already shown itself formidable; and there is something sickening in these constant disputes with a set of savages, who certainly have some sense of justice and reason to appeal to, as well as daring to fall back upon. The recriminations of officials and colonists, the blunderings of Governors, the rapacity of the whites, the rogueries and cruelties of the blacks, are matters which have all to be put aside now, for it has become an affair of fighting, probably of hard fighting. Hitherto our wars in New Zealand have proved useless in the end and discreditable in their course. All we can hope is, that this one will be more fortunate in both particulars. The first object evidently is to send out a large body of troops; the second, not to expend them in blundering and worthless attacks on native pahs. As for the rest, by which we mean the pacification of the New Zealanders and the satisfaction of the colonists, these are things which appear to us as far off as anything within the bounds of possibility.

"A TRIAL OF PATIENCE."

THIS picture, so admirably painted by Mr. Kretschmer, is just one of those of which it is difficult to estimate the power, because it conveys a simple story with all the truth and force of a great moral lesson. The struggle between duty and pleasure is as difficult to the urchin, whose patience is so sorely tried, as it will ever be when he attains that manhood to which so many resolutions are deferred. It has been before remarked that men are too ready to look upon childish troubles and trials as insignificant, forgetting, or not choosing to remember, in their grown-up vanity, how miserable, and mean, and poor are the matters which they themselves regard as bitter disappointments or as temptations difficult to withstand. The truth is, that our childish sorrows are neither less real nor less significant than those of more advanced age; nay, they often differ but little even in degree; and the only experience which is added to our life with respect to temptations is too often only our loss of power to resist the original sin of our youth. It is by no means certain that this picture does not convey a lesson to old folks also. Surely, there is something selfish and unfeeling in the slow indifference with which the grandame winds that interminable thread from the skein, dividing her attention between the ball in her hand and the book on her knee. It is the fault of the old to forget that they were once young, or to remember it only with repining and not with loving sympathy

towards youth. It is a trial to patience, and the boy bears it bravely. Selfish indifference within—the tempters calling him without—the pleasure which he desires lawful if not expedient—the duty itself not urgent. If we do not see in this boy a touch of heroism, let us at least be silent about our own trials and the negligences which lie so lightly upon our conscience.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

Much excitement was caused in Paris by a rumour that Earl Russell was about to quit the British Foreign Office and to be succeeded by Lord Clarendon. That notion having been exploded by the denial published in the London journals, undivided attention is again directed to the congress; and the announcement that the English Cabinet has, without any circumlocution, refused to join it, has created a great sensation. It is stated, under reserve, that the Emperor, without wishing to draw up a programme for the proposed congress, has expressed an opinion that it should be chiefly occupied with considering the following subjects—Poland, the German Duchies, Rome and Venice, and the reforms to be introduced into the United Principalities of Roumania. A Paris paper says that "The Sultan has made a favourable reply to the Emperor's invitation to the congress, expressing, at the same time, his intention of being present there in person." A Vienna telegram, however, contradicts the latter part of this statement. The King of Sweden has also intimated his intention of attending personally if the congress meets. The definitive replies of Austria, Russia, and Prussia have not yet been made public.

SPAIN.

It is stated that the Government supports the pretensions of the Archduke Maximilian of Austria for the Mexican throne. Intelligence described as unsatisfactory to Spain has been received from St. Domingo, and reinforcements of troops continued to be dispatched to Havannah and Porto Rico.

PRUSSIA.

The Chamber of Deputies having pronounced the ordinances on the press unlawful, for illegal, and a violation of the Constitution, the obnoxious regulations have been annulled, the Ministers, however, declaring that they reserve the right to adopt any similar step in future, should they deem it necessary.

POLAND.

Intelligence from Breslau reports a victory of the Polish insurgents over the Russian troops in the palatinate of Lublin. Other successes on the part of the Poles are also reported.

Letters from Warsaw state that the Polish National Government has published in its official organ four addresses—from Wilna, Kowno, and two other Governments, bearing 250,000 signatures, and protesting against the loyal addresses extorted by Mouravieff, as well as expressing entire devotion to the national cause of Poland. Arrests continue to be made in Warsaw.

A proclamation of the National Government has been issued at Warsaw denying the rumours, proceeding from Russian sources, that the Poles were on the point of laying down their arms. The proclamation announces a continuance of the war as the only means of saving the country. It also states that the forces of the insurrection are on the increase, and that the Russians have proved themselves unable to govern otherwise than by fire and sword.

The authorities of Warsaw have restored the Hôtel de l'Europe to its original uses.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

WAR NEWS.

Our advices from America are to the 14th inst. No general engagement had taken place in Virginia or Tennessee. General Lee was strongly intrenched south of the Rapidan, and General Meade's army was posted between the Rapidan and the Rappahannock. A good deal of skirmishing had taken place in Western Virginia, in which the Federals claim to have had the advantage.

General Meade officially reports the capture of over 4000 prisoners, four guns, 2000 small arms, eight battle flags, and one brigade-train in the advance of the 7th, and on the 9th 600 prisoners near Calpepper.

All was quiet at Chattanooga on the 13th. General Bragg was reported to have been withdrawing from his position in front of Chattanooga, and to be retiring to Rome and Atlanta. Such a movement could only arise from one of three motives—hopelessness of being able to effect anything against General Grant, a desire to draw him from his present strong position to one where he would be more easily attacked, or a movement to overwhelm Burnside. The latter is, perhaps, the most probable, as General Longstreet had left Chattanooga with 16,000 men to operate in East Tennessee.

General Lee was stated, in some accounts, to be at Chattanooga, and to have assumed command of Bragg's army. This, however, is doubtful. Two of Burnside's advanced posts at Rogersville, Tennessee, had been attacked by the Confederates, and 600 men and seven cannon captured. His main army, however, was massed at Knoxville, where its position is reported to be impregnable. An attack upon him by the Confederates was expected. Burnside had been superseded by General Foster. A Federal scout had reported that the Confederates had determined to abandon Virginia and risk their all against Chattanooga.

The Confederate Generals Rhoddy, Ferguson, Chalmers, and Richardson were in Northern Mississippi, co-operating against General Sherman's line of communications. In Tennessee General Forrest, with a large body of cavalry, had been detached to harass General Grant's transportation of supplies.

The Federals were keeping up a slow bombardment on Fort Sumter, apparently with very little effect.

The Federal Texas expedition had received a check, and was returning to Brashear City.

On the 11th, General Foster turned over the command of the departments of Virginia and North Carolina to General Butler.

GENERAL NEWS.

Lord Lyons had communicated to the Government at Washington the fact that a Confederate plot had been discovered in Canada. The object was to seize the steamers on Lake Erie, liberate the prisoners in Fort Johnson, and burn the Lake cities. Of course precautionary measures were at once taken.

A majority of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania had declared the Conscription Act unconstitutional.

Mr. Seward had refused permission to certain parties to recruit 20,000 troops for the service of the Juarez Government, declaring that such proceedings would be a violation of the law, and that any one engaged therein will be prosecuted with all practicable diligence. Mr. Seward had also authorised the announcement that the French Government, upon the remonstrance of Mr. Dayton, had arrested the completion of six iron-clad rams building at Nantes and Bordeaux, which were suspected of being intended for the Confederates.

The grand jury of Cincinnati had found true bills of indictment against the Ohio conspirators. Their cases were to be tried in the United States' Court, in that city, on the 18th inst.

Marshal Forey, late Commander-in-Chief of the French forces in Mexico, had visited New York en route for France.

Strikes for an increase of wages had been renewed, and were extending to all occupations, both public and private. Work in several of the navy-yards, and upon the ironclads in course of construction, had been suspended; but Government and employers generally were disposed to accede to the demand of the workmen.

JOHN ROGERSON, a boy of fifteen, picked up, opposite a chemist's shop, some yellow stuff which looked like sugar-candy, but was in reality phosphorus, which ignited, set the lad's clothes on fire, and he was so severely burnt that he died in a few days, after acute sufferings.

THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN SUCCESSION.

STATE OF FEELING IN GERMANY.

PRINCE FREDERICK of Augustenburg has notified to all the Governments composing the Germanic Confederation that he has assumed the dukedom of Schleswig-Holstein, and has appointed a representative at the Diet. Notices of motion on the subject of the succession have been received by the Diet, and referred, according to the usual form, to the committee on the affairs of Schleswig-Holstein. The Holstein Diet, prohibited from meeting at Kiel, adjourned to an adjoining village, and there passed resolutions repudiating the connection with Denmark, and appointed a deputation to proceed to Frankfort to consult the Federal Diet; while legal functionaries and college professors have declined to take the oath of allegiance to King Christian IX.

Throughout the length and breadth of Germany, the excitement upon the Danish question is universal and intense. Strange to say, Germany is for once united and unanimous. The various factions and parties which split the country on all internal questions into two or more hostile camps have for the moment postponed their wranglings and rivalries, and with one accord undertaken the cause of their "oppressed" brethren in Schleswig-Holstein. Great Germans and Little Germans, Feudalists and Progressists, Royalists and Republicans, Austrians and Prussians, the subjects of the smaller States and the citizens of the Free Towns—all have for once dropped their mutual feuds, and joined with singular unanimity in the national cry, "To the rescue!" The installation of the Hereditary Prince of Augustenburg as Sovereign of the Duchies, the erection of these territories into an independent German State, and the dismemberment of the Danish monarchy—such are the watch-words repeated on millions of tongues, from Dantzic to Frankfort, from Hamburg to Trieste. If the undivided public opinion of Germany be worth a straw, Denmark must either quietly consent to be dismembered, or prepare for the inevitable alternative of a war with the whole three-and-thirty German States. The press teems with incendiary articles, fanning the flames of excitement and urging forward the inclination for a war. A Frankfort paper was the first to summon the nation to arms, calling on each State and city to form its volunteer corps; and to this appeal, which has been repeated on all sides, thousands are eager to respond, and will rush forward to the ranks the moment they receive the assent of the Governments. The branch of the National Verein located in Hamburg have joined in the opposition to the King of Denmark, and have decided in general meeting that, "if the Schleswig-Holsteins will not separate from Denmark, they must be compelled to do so."

On the other hand, Denmark is making energetic preparations for the worst. Great activity is being displayed in the war and marine departments: 11,000 soldiers have been called under arms, and iron-plated frigates and schooners are being fitted out. The coronation of King Christian will take place, according to the Copenhagen journals, in the Danish capital early in next January, and will be accompanied by great pomp and festivity.

The committee of the National Union in Berlin have issued an address to the German peoples imploring them to act promptly in the Holstein question; to have in readiness men, money, and arms; and to prepare an effective organisation. The committee promise that the funds collected some time ago for the German fleet shall be devoted to the purpose which the nation seems at present to have much more warmly at heart. Karl Blind has issued an address, in which he calls upon the Schleswig-Holsteins to fling away altogether the title founded on Legitimacy and make the question merely one of national right.

DYNASTIC HISTORY OF THE DUCHIES.

Originally the Duchies, both of Schleswig and Holstein, were independent States, but about the middle of the fifteenth century they were connected with Denmark by the election of Christian I. of that country as Duke of both Duchies. Christian, on taking possession, acknowledged the tenure to be distinct from that of his Danish Crown; he also acknowledged the right of the States to elect a successor, and admitted the principle that Schleswig and Holstein should be for ever united. In the course of the seventeenth century the respective rulers of what were called the Royal and the Gottorp Duchies made arrangements whereby the succession was entailed on heirs male. In 1808 Duke John Augustus of Gottorp promulgated a decree to this effect, and left his share of the Duchies to his son, and Frederick III. of Denmark, in 1850, made a similar law with respect to the Royal Duchies, so that the whole of Schleswig and Holstein descends only to heirs male. This decree was opposed by both Schleswigers and Holsteins at the time, but is now, according to German interpretation, the everlasting, unchangeable law of the two Duchies. After this, in 1865, the *lex regia* of Denmark was promulgated, by which a change was made in the mode of succession to the Danish Crown, and females as well as males permitted to inherit. Thus the seeds of future trouble were sown. The questions relating to these Duchies have, indeed, been the cause of ill-blood for several generations. As early as the sixteenth century the family was divided into two—the Royal House of Denmark and the Dukes of Holstein-Gottorp; and the marriage of a Holstein-Gottorp with the daughter of Peter the Great brought Russia into the lists. Only the death of Peter III. prevented the march of a Russian army to wrest the Gottorp portion of Schleswig from the Danes. Other families branched off subsequently, of which the survivors are the houses of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg and Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg. Of the elder chief is the Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg, whose son claims the succession; to the younger belongs Prince Christian, father of the Princess of Wales and the King of the Greeks, and now, according to the treaty of May, 1852, King of Denmark and Duke of Schleswig and Holstein.

The pretension of the Germans is that this treaty gives no rights over Schleswig and Holstein at all. Of course, if it could give no rights over Denmark, the succession would pass to females, and Prince Christian would have no throne whatever. But the Germans do not go so far as this. They do not meddle with the succession of Denmark proper. Their argument is that the succession to Holstein has not failed and belongs now to the Duke of Augustenburg. That succession cannot be changed without the consent of the German Bund, because Holstein is a part of Germany and the Duke of Holstein a German Sovereign. Also the consent of the States of Holstein is requisite for such a change. Now, say they, these necessary sanctions to the order of succession, established by the treaty of 1852, have never been given. Holstein has never assented, the Federal Diet has never assented. Prussia and Austria, though they signed the treaty, did so conditionally, and have never ratified it. Consequently, as far as Holstein is concerned, the treaty is worthless, and the Hereditary Prince of Augustenburg is now actually Duke of Holstein, the renunciation of his father having no power to keep him from his rights. But how, it will be asked, does this affect Schleswig, which the Duke of Coburg also claims for the Augustenburs? This is the most singular part of the affair. The Germans allege that Schleswig must go with Holstein because Christian I., in the year 1461, declared that the two duchies were for ever united. A difficulty, however, has been mooted in the way even of Prince Frederick of Augustenburg, a morganatic marriage in his family having, it is alleged, vitiated the purity of his descent.

THE ARRANGEMENT OF 1852.

The Treaty of London, agreed to in 1852, regulating the succession to the Danish Crown, has been issued as a Parliamentary paper, together with the copies of the acts of accession of the several Courts of Germany and Europe. The contracting parties to the treaty were Queen Victoria, the Emperor of Austria, the Prince President of the French Republic, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Sweden on the one part, and the King of Denmark on the other part. In the preamble of the treaty it was declared that the five first-mentioned Powers, together with the King of Sweden,

taking into consideration that the maintenance of the integrity of the Danish Monarchy, as connected with the general interests of the balance of power in Europe, is of high importance to the preservation of peace, and

that an arrangement by which the succession to the whole of the dominions now united under the sceptre of his Majesty the King of Denmark should devolve upon the male line, to the exclusion of females, would be the best means of securing the integrity of that monarchy, have resolved, at the invitation of his Danish Majesty, to conclude a treaty, in order to give to the arrangements relating to such order of succession an additional pledge of stability by an act of European acknowledgment.

The first clause fixes the order of succession. It designates the present King of Denmark as heir in the event of the failure of issue male in a direct line from Frederick III. The second gives the then King of Denmark leave to address the Powers further on the same subject should the extinction of issue male in the direct line from Prince Christian (the present King of Denmark) become imminent. The third reserves the reciprocal rights and obligations of the King of Denmark and the Germanic Confederation concerning Holstein and Lauenburg "rights and obligations," it is added, "established by the Federal Act of 1815, and by the existing federal right."

The Powers which acceded to this treaty were Hanover, Hesse Cassel, the Netherlands, Oldenburg, Portugal, Spain, Saxony, Wurtemberg, Sardinia, Naples, Belgium, and Tuscany. Oldenburg and Saxony, in signing, reserved certain rights contained in ancient treaties. Bavaria, Ducal-Hesse, Saxe-Weimar, Baden, and the two Mecklenburgs, refused to sign.

THE SASSOON HOSPITAL AT POONAH.

The old popular notions about the fabulous and easily-acquired wealth of the "Indian nabob" is forcibly brought back to our remembrance on hearing of the princely munificence of Mr. David Sassoon, merchant and banker, of Bombay, Persia, China, Japan, and London.

In the city of Poonah, in Bombay, where Mr. David Sassoon has fixed his residence, he has been a public benefactor, and that of no common order. His gifts and his advice have enriched many of the local charities, and, in some instances, have supplied institutions which have long been needed. Foremost among these latter is the Sassoon Reformatory, which he built and endowed, in which young criminals are taught and trained to habits of industry, as in similar establishments in our own country. When several benevolent gentlemen combined to erect a workhouse and infirmary, Mr. Sassoon contributed a sum of £2500 towards the fund raised for that purpose; and these and other acts of a like kind have been recently crowned by the offer of £15,000 towards the cost and endowment of an hospital, on condition that the remainder of the money should be made up by Government. The offer was cheerfully accepted, and on the 8th of October this generous man saw the idea which had floated in his mind for many years put into a tangible shape, by the laying of the foundation-stone of the Sassoon Hospital by Sir Bartle Frere, the Governor of Bombay, in the presence of a vast concourse of his fellow-citizens. It may be worthy of remark that the life which is so fruitful of good results has not always been coupled with the prosperity which now attends it. Mr. Sassoon is a descendant of Abraham, and thirty years ago he was driven out of Persia, where he was then residing, by religious persecution. He then sought the safety and the freedom afforded by the English Government, and entered the city of Poonah, where his pleasing manners and his excellent business abilities soon won for him friends and favour; and from that time to the present his career has been one of prosperity, if not untroubled, at any rate not permanently interrupted. It might, perhaps, be interesting to trace this progress step by step, but we are not sure that by doing so any new chapter of human experience would be unfolded to our view. Doubtless, we should simply read again the old, old story, that industry and perseverance are the only fairies who aid men's efforts to become rich and great, and so we content ourselves by admiring a noble-minded man, who, when surrounded with those influences which too often turn men into mere money-grubbers, resisted the temptation, and held on with the high purpose constantly before him of becoming a benefactor to his race. The Indian papers are asking that some title should be bestowed upon Mr. Sassoon; but we scarcely think that it is needed. Such a bestowal would certainly give honour, but it would not be to him who received it, but to those by whom it is offered.

THE CONGRESS.—It is understood that the Queen's Government has received from that of the Emperor of the French a reply to its request for explanations as to the affairs to be dealt with at the European congress proposed by his Imperial Majesty, and the manner in which it was intended to give effect to the resolutions of that high assembly. It will not surprise any of our readers to be told that the answer to its inquiries has not been of a nature to convince the British Government that the proposed congress would offer a means of satisfactorily disposing of the various questions of European interest which await a solution. It does not appear that there is one of the great wrongs or dangers which are uppermost in men's minds when they reflect on the condition of Europe which a congress would have power to redress or remove. If the circumstances of our times or the temper of the principal actors had been such as to leave room to hope that the voice of reason and a broad comprehension of general interests were likely to prevail over national jealousies and ambitions, and lead to an equitable settlement of the great international disputes of the age, the British Government would have been among the first to decry and the most eager to hail the opportunity. But Governments can only deal with the world as it is. There can be no doubt that in the present conjuncture the meeting of a congress would prove the most certain and most speedy means of preparing and organising war. We understand that the French Government will shortly receive a clear statement of the grounds on which our Government feels compelled to decline to accept the measure proposed; and, although such a determination has been stigmatised in advance as one that can only spring from the existence of "secret projects which will not bear the light of day," we have no doubt that Earl Russell's communication will sustain the character of frankness and sincerity which invariably characterises his despatches. *Daily News.*

FRENCH TRADE.—The impulse given to French commerce and industry by the abolition of the system of protection is becoming every day more manifest to the manufacturers of Paris. The exports from the 1st of January to the 1st of October equal in amount the entire exports for the year 1862. England and Belgium have particularly contributed to this development of French industry. England has taken lace, plain and figured silks, merinos, articles of ladies' dress, mercery, ribbons, linen, and cotton cloths, bleached and unbleached; gilt and plated bronzes, jewellery, clocks and watches, porcelain, wrought steel, stained paper, engraved music; a quantity of chemical ingredients, such as potash, chloride of lime, nitrate of soda, and sulphate of copper; refined sugar, dressed skins, and a variety of basket-work. It is expected that the exports to England this year will amount to 100,000,000fr. more than those of the last.

UNDESIRABLE PLENTY.—A singular fact is now occurring in the French fishing ports of the Channel. The herring, which had apparently deserted the coast of France, has returned there in such abundance that the boats come in after each trip laden with fish. This fact, instead of delighting the fishing population, on the contrary, causes them the greatest apprehensions. The price of herrings has become so much reduced that many masters of boats, seeing themselves almost compelled to sell their fish for manure, are thinking of abandoning their occupation for the present. At the same time complaints are being made in the interior of the country of the dearth of fish; but the high rates of conveyance by railway, and the octroi duties, which are the same on all kinds of fish, raise the prices of the commoner sort to such a degree that, the sale of herrings being uncertain, the fisherman will not run the risk of an unfavourable venture in sending their produce to a distance from the coast.

A MAN BURIED ALIVE IN BROMPTON CEMETERY.—Mr. J. Bird, Coroner, held an inquest on Tuesday night on the body of Henry Baker, aged forty-nine years, who met his death in a grave at the Brompton Cemetery, under the following circumstances:—The deceased was a gravedigger, and, while engaged in that occupation in a deep, newly-dug grave, the earth, as soon as the struts were removed, gave way, and the poor fellow was quickly covered. A man who was at work near at once gave an alarm, and after a short time the unfortunate man was got out, but life was found to be quite extinct.

NEW PHASE OF SWINDLING.—A correspondent of a contemporary narrates the following:—"A lady, residing in one of the squares near the Kensington Museum, being anxious to let her house furnished, published an advertisement to that effect. One day a well-dressed, well-spoken man, aged between thirty and forty, called and begged to see the house. He was greatly pleased with everything, was satisfied with the terms, and would gladly take her servants into his employment. He did not go down to the kitchen, leaving that part of the question to his 'dear wife,' who thoroughly understood it, and who would come the following Monday, for mere form sake, to see things for herself. He made himself most agreeable; and, feeling anxious that the lady's tradespeople should suffer no loss by her departure, expressed a wish to know who they were, in order that he might deal with them. She readily obliged so kind-hearted a person, and, as he professed he had a very treacherous memory, and would probably forget her direction and name without her card, she gave him one, and he left her in the happy expectation that she had really found an exceedingly nice tenant. The same evening, with the help of the card, and holding a forged note, written in a very pretty, ladylike hand, presenting Mrs. —'s compliments, and begging the tradesman in question to cash the cheque of the bearer for £10 or £15, he entered the shop, stating he had taken the house for twelve months, and with an air of utter indifference asked the proprietor to give him either £10 or £15, taking a cheque-book out of his pocket, and drawing upon one of the St. Alban's banks for the former sum, signing his name as 'J. Ervington.' It is scarcely necessary to say he had no balance there, and the over-confiding poulterer has to mourn the loss of his money. The note in question had even the monogram at the top."

MESSRS. COBDEN AND BRIGHT AT ROCSDALE.

ON Tuesday night Mr. Cobden met his constituents at Rochdale. Mr. Bright was also present, and the audience could not have numbered less than three thousand people, amongst whom were many ladies. Mr. Slott, the Mayor of Rochdale, presided.

Mr. Cobden, after some introductory observations on the wholesome custom of Members of Parliament attending upon their constituents to give an account of their stewardship and offer some remarks on passing events, proceeded to say that on the past Session of Parliament he had little remark to make, and the only good thing he could say of the present Parliament was that it was drawing very near to the end of its existence. It had done nothing for the country in its prime, and it was very unlikely that it would do anything for it in its decline. Before Parliament would accomplish any good purpose for the country it would have to be furnished with principles from the country. Of late years it might be said that free-traders, or what he might call their party, had had things pretty much their own way, and it had remained for the present Parliament to end the difference of opinion on the question of free trade and protection; but although there was no longer any question of free trade and protection for them to discuss, there were still the questions of taxation and the expenditure of taxation by the Government. The next Parliament would have to be endowed with new principles at the next general election. Some people said there was a political apathy with regard to politics, and he must confess that the people of England just now much more anxiously attended to the proceedings of the other countries in the world than to those in their own country. With regard to American affairs, there was a society in England who were anxious to stop the war; in fact, we had heard the same proposal made in the House of Commons, and had read of its being made in other places. The proposal to stop the war meant that we should interfere with American affairs, and that we should, therefore, drop our non-intervention policy. Now, when he was last here before he told them, notwithstanding that which was said to the contrary both then and at present, he did not believe that the war would issue in the achievement by the South of their so-called independence. He had never believed, nor did he now, that there would be two nations of Americans in America. He considered such a state of things was absolutely impossible, and if the intelligent people of this country had not been misled as to the cause and origin of the war, they would have thought with him too. They had been told by one who was once the champion of Democracy in this country that the secession took place because the South wished to establish free trade, and the North refused to let them. Now, in 1859 he was through some of the States, and he was at Washington during the time that Congress was sitting, and although in all other countries wherever he had been, if there were any people anxious to establish free trade principles they always found him out, and rallied as it were around him; it was not so in any part of the Southern States. In fact, he never heard a word about the desire to establish free-trade principles. At that time the people seemed only anxious about the safety of their country from civil war; so much so that Congress appointed a select committee, called the Council of Thirty-three, consisting of one member from each of the thirty-three States then in the Union, to ascertain, if possible, how the difference could be settled, and what it really was that the Southern States wanted. Well, the result of that committee's deliberations was a report. The Council sat from Dec. 11, 1860, to Jan. 14, 1861, when the report was issued, a copy of which he held in his hand. He had read every line of that report of forty pages long. According thereto the Slave States were invited by the Free States to say what it was they wanted; and, from the beginning to the end of that forty pages of a report that council, not one syllable was said about either the tariff or taxation; on the contrary, from the beginning to the end there was not a grievance that was not alleged by the South which was not altogether connected with the maintenance of slavery, and which did not call upon the North, or Free States, to give their powers to increase slavery, to extend slavery, and also to make treaties with foreign Powers by which they should be compelled to give up escaped slaves; in fact, that report was a report on the question of slavery only from the beginning to the end. In the face of these and other facts, was it not extraordinary that any gentleman should get up in the House of Commons and say that the South were fighting for free-trade principles? The fact was, this civil war in America was nothing but a war waged for the purpose of extending and perpetuating human slavery, and not to defend it as it existed. It was a war to establish a slave empire, of which slavery should be the cornerstone. It was the aristocracy of the South fighting against the democracy of the North. Whenever an aristocracy had done what elsewhere they had never succeeded; and so it must be with the struggle in America. If such a thing as a division of America should happen, it would be fraught with a great loss to human progress all over the world. Already we could see what the struggle had led to in Mexico and St. Domingo. If it had not been for the American war the French would not have made the Mexican mistake, nor Spain that of attacking St. Domingo. The honourable gentleman then alluded to the Polish question, and said we had misled the Poles and aroused the Russians against us en masse. As to the proposal to hold a congress touching European affairs, he disapproved of it altogether, unless they proposed to disarm. The only benefit, so far as he could see, that was to be derived from a congress was that which would arise from a general disarmament. Diplomacy would be a failure, as it had been hitherto. The diplomatic arrangements of the Paris Congress, 1856, after the Russian War, had only led to 1,000,000 more men being armed in the two services of the European countries, and he feared that the result of the proposed congress would be much after the same fashion. The hon. gentleman then went on to speak of the burning of Kagosima, which he characterised as great a barbarity as that of the burning of Polish villages by the Russians, and, if there was such a thing as the retributive justice of Providence, which he believed there was, he felt sure that we should be visited by it for our own un-Christian cruelties and massacres in Japan, China, and other places east of the Cape of Good Hope. He altogether disented from our Eastern policy, which was a disgrace to us. The hon. member concluded by recommending that we should attend to our own domestic affairs rather than to those of other nations, more especially as we required that attention. He advocated an extension of the franchise, and was sure that for granting that no better time than the present one of quietness could be selected.

A vote of thanks, expressing renewed confidence in Mr. Cobden, having been proposed, seconded, and carried, with one dissentient.

Mr. Bright, M.P., addressed the meeting at considerable length. He urged that if the question of free trade and protection was settled, there yet remained to be discussed the great questions of taxation and Parliamentary reform. He strongly advocated that the masses should be admitted to the franchise; and, while doing so, he gave a somewhat humorous historical sketch of late attempts at Parliamentary reform.

His speech was loudly applauded.

IRELAND.

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.—Every steamer that leaves Queenstown is crowded with emigrants, and hundreds of families are preparing to leave the country. A *Silgo* journal contains the following:—"Remittances from those who have been some time in the States arrive by every mail, and thus a continuous drain takes place on our population. The number of persons leaving for Australia and other British settlements becomes less every day, which can only be accounted for by the immense absorption of labour in America, caused by the large number of men under arms who have been taken from the farm and the workshop, and whose places remain to be filled up by Irish emigrants. We can see no remedy for the emigration of the Irish people so long as the present high scale of wages exist in America. At present a few months' employment suffices to furnish the emigrant with funds, which are at once devoted to paying the passage of relatives and friends remaining in Ireland. Thus the war in America must be looked upon as the direct cause of the increased emigration from Ireland."

THE PROVINCES.

RIOT AT GUILDFORD.—There was a disgraceful riot at Guildford on Saturday evening. Steps were taken to prevent the usual disorders which prevail in that town on Guy Fawkes Day. With that object a detachment of soldiery was sent from Aldershot, and it has remained in the town until Thursday week, when it was marched back to the camp. This protection being withdrawn, the "Guys" came out on Saturday evening, masked and armed with bludgeons. They utterly demolished the windows of one of the magistrates, who had made himself obnoxious to them, and did great injury to the house of the ex-Mayor. Worse still, they attacked a policeman who came in their way, and beat him so savagely that he was not expected to live. After committing these outrages, the ruffians dispersed before the special constables could be marshalled against them.

THE NORFOLK GIANT.—Robert Hales, known as the Norfolk giant, died at Great Yarmouth on Sunday last. Hales was born at West Somerton, a village a few miles from Yarmouth. In 1820, and was therefore only forty-three years of age. He came of a family remarkable for their great stature, his father, a farmer, being 6ft. 6in. in height, and his mother 6ft. 4in. An ancestor of his mother was said to have been that famous warrior of bluff King Hal who stood 8ft. 4in. in height. Of such Patagonian parents the progeny were worthy: the boys were "sons of Anak," averaging 6ft. 5in. each; and the girls, of Amazonian development, averaging 6ft. 3in. each. Robert was the flower of the flock, and stood 7ft. 6in. in height, weighing 452lb. One of his sisters, with whom he exhibited some years ago, was 7ft. 2in. tall, but she died in 1842, being then only twenty years of age. Hales was stout in proportion to his height, though somewhat clumsily put together. When in his prime he was 64in. round the calf 62in. round the waist, 36in. across the shoulders, and 21in. round the calf of the leg. During his career he visited several Continental capitals, and was presented to Louis Philippe while King of the French. He was introduced to the Americans under the auspices of Barnum, and "drew" immensely, 24,000 persons having flocked to see him in ten days. On his return

to this country he had the honour of being presented at Court, when he Majesty gave him a gold watch and chain, of which he was particularly proud, and wore to the day of his death. During last summer he came to Yarmouth for the benefit of his health, which had been very much impaired by the close confinement of the caravans in which he exhibited. He seemed to rally under the genial summer weather, but, as autumn wore on, he gradually declined, and died on Sunday morning, the disease which proved fatal to him being consumption.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.—A few days ago a frightful accident occurred at Bulwick Mill, near Stamford, to Mr. G. Saddington, the occupier. While at work at the mill his coat caught one of the cogwheels, and, but for the rare courage and self-possession he showed, he would have been dragged bodily between the millstones and crushed to death. He pulled with all his might to resist the power of the machinery. The sleeve of his coat would not give way, and the arm was therefore drawn in among the machinery, and was ground and crushed above the elbow. The only person in the mill besides Mr. Saddington was his apprentice, to whom he shouted to stop the works. This was done instantly, and the courageous man then called for a knife, and on its being brought to him he attempted to liberate himself by severing the mutilated arm from his body; but the knife was too dull and jagged for the work, and it had to be given back to the lad to be whetted. Some time elapsed before anything could be found whereon to sharpen it, and Mr. Saddington told him to use an old metal candlestick to take off the rough edge. It was then handed back, and the heroic man severed himself from the crushed and bleeding tendons, leaving his arm between the wheels. Having bound up the stump in his handkerchief, he went home. It was near midnight, and a messenger had to be dispatched to King's Cliffe, four miles distant, for a surgeon, and some hours necessarily transpired before his arrival. In the meantime every attempt was made to stop the effusion of blood by applying ligatures. On the surgeon's arrival it was found necessary to put the sufferer to still more pain by amputating some inches of the stump, the operation being borne bravely.

NAGASAKI AND AFFAIRS IN JAPAN.

WE are able this week to present our readers with an Engraving, from an authentic sketch, of the city of Nagasaki, a place which is just now of the utmost importance, since it is here that negotiations are being carried on; and both from this place and from Yokohama the accounts of the principal events are transmitted to Europe.

Nagasaki is, indeed, one of the five imperial cities of Japan, and was formerly the only place open to foreigners, who were admitted by way of an artificial island called Desima, situated in the harbour, and the residence of the Dutch and Chinese traders. The city itself stands on a peninsula formed by the fine bay of Ohomura, on the western coast of the island of Ximo, or Kiouisiou. The magnificent harbour of Nagasaki, which is very deep, extends for about four miles in length and a mile in breadth, and affords safe anchorage, since it is well protected from the winds by the surrounding hills. The town and suburbs, which contain about a hundred streets and some 1200 houses, are situated on the side of one of these hills, which skirt the harbour; but, as the houses are mostly composed of clay and chopped straw, with windows of paper, they are liable to be burnt down pretty frequently, and are, of course, continually being replaced, without many architectural difficulties. Almost every house, however, is surrounded by a verandah, and stands in a garden, which, however small, is laid out with wonderful effort in order to obtain the picturesque effects of rocks, waterfalls, lakes, and very frequently a summer house or a chapel.

Beside two Government palaces belonging to the Princes who furnish the supplies of the port, Nagasaki possesses a college of interpreters for the Dutch and Chinese, a prison, a madhouse, an arsenal, and a botanical garden, as well as theatres, tea-houses, and numerous places of amusement, the resort of the visitors who come there from all parts of the kingdom. There is also an extensive porcelain manufactory, which adds considerably to the ordinary trade of the place in spices, cotton, silk, and China goods. For the accommodation of its 100,000 inhabitants, there are about seventy temples within a short distance of the town, all plainly built, like the private houses, but each encircled by verandahs and surrounded by many smaller temples or chapels, the whole inclosed in a garden. Of these the larger are called "yasiro," and the smaller "miyas;" and many of them contain large rooms, which, not being used for worship, are let out for the accommodation of travellers or of large dinner-parties.

To arrive in the fine harbour of Nagasaki, the traveller crosses a bosphorus almost equal to that of Constantinople, the banks of which are studded with forts, their guns protected by shedlike roofs. The hills, which rise on each side like an amphitheatre, are covered with trees and are formed and cultivated into terraces, supported by stone walls, so that the harbour resembles a great basin, flanked on the western side by the town, and on the east by the various Russian factories. The aspect of Nagasaki itself is not very imposing, since its houses, either composed of wood or of the clay and straw already mentioned, are seldom more than one story high; the streets of the interior, however, are wide and clean, and the dwellings there are better constructed, and placed with great regularity. The men of the city are small, vigorous-looking fellows, while those of the better class have something dignified in their appearance, and carry two swords, one resembling a sabre and the other a sort of poniard, each being highly ornamented.

The common people, however, like the rest of the Japanese, are not incumbered with any superfluity of clothing. The women are not shut up in their houses, as is the case amongst the Chinese, but are to be seen in the streets, and the young girls are generally ready to chat freely enough, even with foreigners, if the latter can speak the language. While they are unmarried, the girls are remarkable for their white and even teeth; but it is the custom for Japanese matrons to blacken their teeth with a sort of lacquer, and this, added to the artificial reddening of their lips, gives them a rather repulsive appearance in the eyes of Europeans. The manners of the people are extremely courteous, and display something even of Eastern obsequiousness, while as a community they are certainly distinguished by their constant industry. The various quarters of the town are connected by flights of steps and bridges; and all the municipal affairs are conducted with great regularity. The police, who are an important part of the Government administration, punish even small offences with the greatest severity.

The bonzes, of whom we have given some description in a former article, are here of the greatest importance, and may be said to head the population, and are distinguished by the richness of their dress, which is similar to that of their order in other parts of the Japanese empire. Provisions are plentiful and cheap—that is to say, there is abundance of fish, game, fruit, and vegetables; but beef and mutton are so rare as to be obtainable only by the wealthier portion of the inhabitants.

According to recent advices Admiral Kuper is lying quietly at Yokohama with almost the entire fleet under his command, save the *Rattler* and *Leopard*, which are at Nagasaki, and the *Ringdove* and two or three gun-boats at Shanghai or in the Yang-Tze.

The Tycoon's steam-yacht *Emperor* is lying at Nagasaki, and the Japanese are anxious to have it supposed that she was dispatched from Jeddo to assist in, or at any rate countenance, the attack on Kagosima by the British, but was delayed by bad winds and bad coals until the action was over. She arrived in time to see the destruction which had been wrought, and immediately returned to Nagasaki, whence she will shortly proceed to Jeddo.

By the despatch issued on behalf of Prince Satsuma by his Minister Kawakami Yajima, it would appear that he expresses his determination to obey the authority of the Jeddo Government; but at the same time he declares that the Government should have inserted in their treaty with foreigners the laws of the country with respect to the rights of Princes travelling on the roads. He also denies that the murder of Mr. Richardson was ordered by Shimadzu Saburo, whose journey to Jeddo, he says, was not with the object of committing murders, but to conciliate the Courts of Jeddo and Kioto.

The Russian squadron in Japanese waters is manoeuvring so mysteriously as to excite considerable curiosity. Admiral Popoff, in accordance with the English meaning of his name, lately left Nagasaki so suddenly that one of his vessels, the *Amerika*, which was under repairs at the time and totally unfit to put to sea, was obliged to put into harbour again before she reached Hakodadi to refit. What is more, she left without paying any of her bills.

The recent difficulties are scarcely likely to be lessened by the fact that the Consular Court of Yokohama has just acquitted three

make so great a part of the happiness of their subjects. Yet even the most self-contained and inscrutable of rulers must, if they cherish any of the common sympathies of humanity, seek for some such relief from the cold and solemn ceremonies of State; and it often happens that when some faithful chronicler preserves the details of those occupations which serve to amuse the Royal leisure we can scarcely identify the ideal character which stands forth in history as the individual whose private life is only different from that of our own inasmuch as it fails to realise the full meaning of those joys which are a part of our daily experience.

The Emperor of the French has made it his custom, during the time that he resides at the Tuileries, to devote one day a week to a family party; and at these Monday dinners the members of the Imperial family and a few intimate friends meet for such social enjoyment as may serve to alleviate

of the Cabinet had been dismissed, because they were in favour of peace with the Christian nations. The Mikado had issued an order that no Damio should purchase any foreign vessel. The Prince of Nagasaki had issued orders that the Japanese pilots who conducted the American vessel of war Wyoming to Simonsaki should be killed. One of these pilots, it is added, was murdered soon afterwards.

A FAMILY PARTY AT THE TUILERIES.

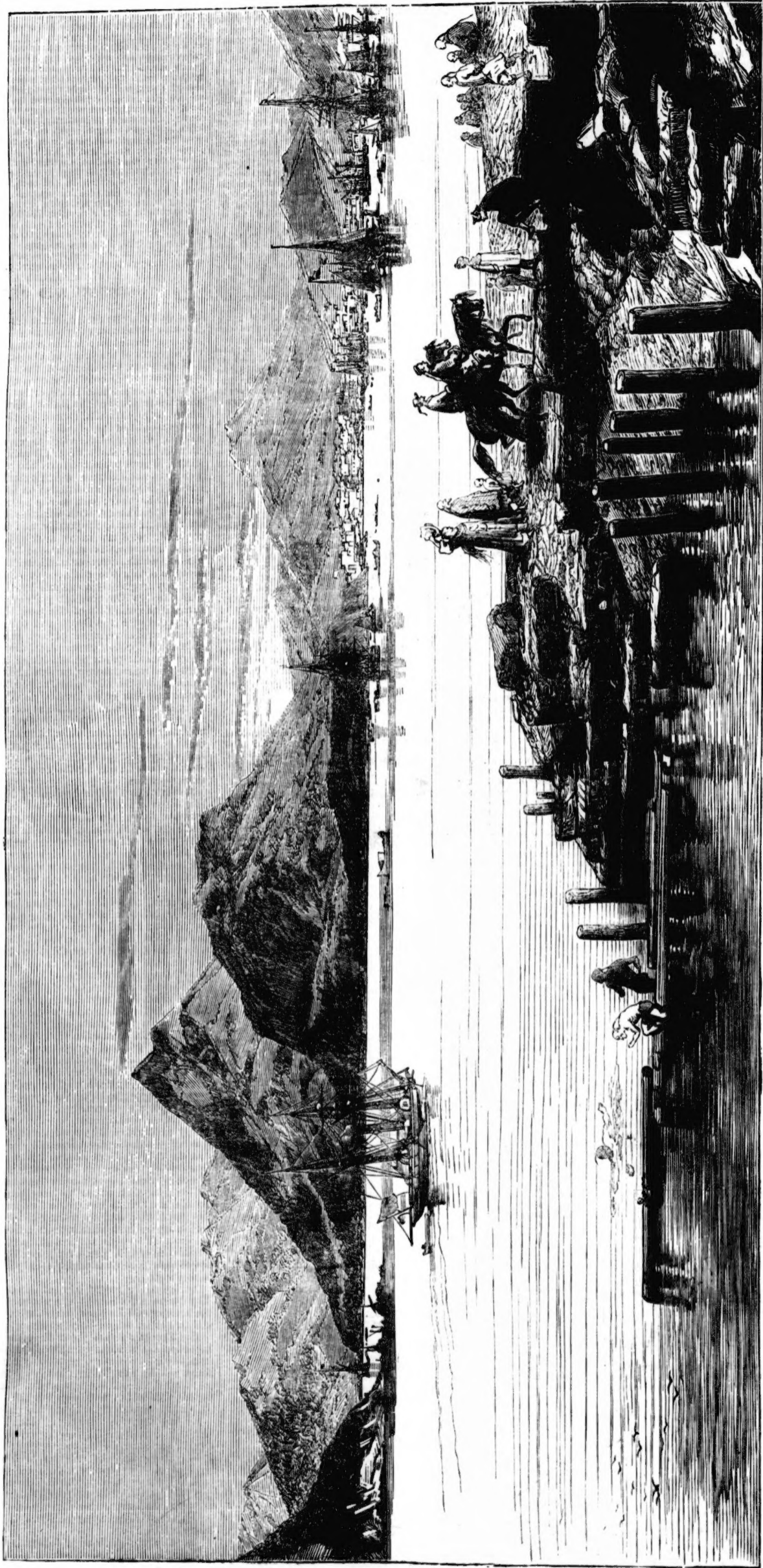
There are few records which secure a larger amount of public interest than those which relate to the private and domestic life of Monarchs; and, indeed, it is difficult for ordinary people to imagine how Kings and Emperors can find any opportunity for those domestic pleasures which

much advantage over the Japanese; in fact, that they could not run away faster than he could pursue them.

Three high Damios have, it is said, been sent from Jeddah to Yokohama to arrange matters with the Americans, French, and Dutch, regarding the attack made on the Pembroke, the Kiew-Ching, and the Medusa, while passing through the inland sea. The Vice-Governor of Nagasaki has been deputed to remonstrate with the Prince of Ochoen, by whose orders these vessels were fired on, and to compel him to give up some forts on the opposite coast, which he had seized, belonging to the Prince of Kokura.

Since these events news, which requires to be confirmed, has been received by San Francisco, stating that the Japanese authorities had ordered all foreigners to leave Nagasaki; but the foreigners refused, and this Japanese Governor resigned. The chief Minister and three other Ministers

Englishmen who were charged by the Japanese with an assault on a native officer. Messrs. Davies, Davies, and Tatham, while riding along a narrow pathway, were stopped by an armed Japanese and informed that it was a private road; an altercation ensued, and two of the three fired their revolvers, one shot from which wounded the officer in the arm. The three assert that he drew his sword and made at them, and that they were compelled to fire in self-defence. To assert this is to concede a great deal to Japanese pluck; it is hard to conceive a single man on foot assailing three men on horseback armed with revolvers. The provocation, at any rate, must have been great which would have induced him to do so. But the three say otherwise, and the Consular Court, upholding them, finds them "Not guilty." One of the reasons given for this verdict is that they were on a narrow pathway where being on horseback did not give them



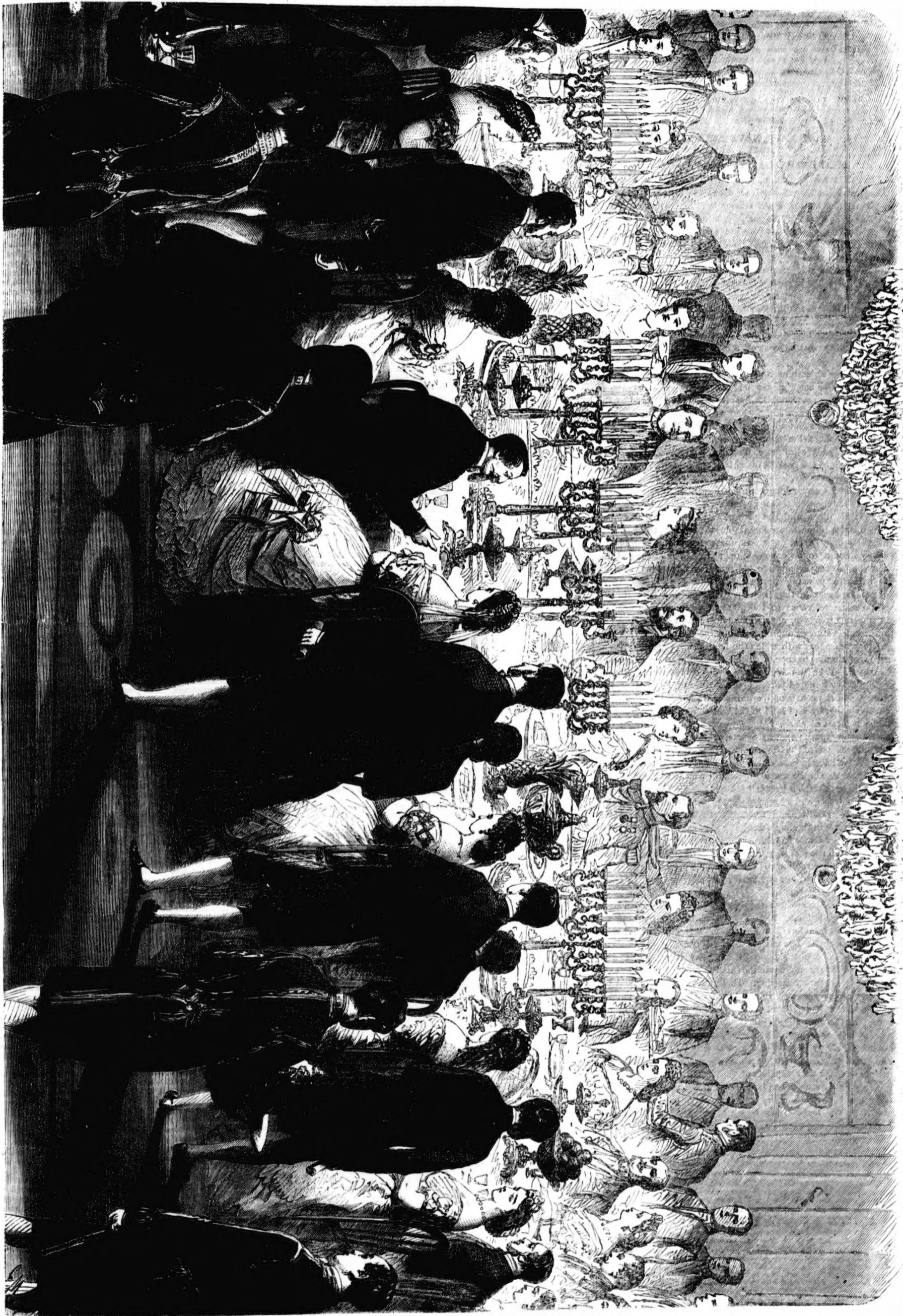
VIEW OF NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

the more constrained and artificial duties which belong to their high position. It is pleasant to know that these periodical meetings are a recognised institution in that old palace, which has always been associated with the vicissitudes of French history. The pile of the Tuileries may be said to represent the whole course of the national experience; and, if the subject were not too painful, it would form an interesting topic of conversation at the reunions of the Imperial family to retrace the connection of the building with the events which have resulted in the establishment of the present Government. From the fourteenth century—when, at the Sablonière, or the sandpit, Nicolas de Neuville, Sieur de Villeroi, occupied a house near the *tielkine*, and so called it the *Hôtel des Tuileries*—down to the time when the haughty and powerful Catherine de Medici planned and partially executed the magnificent palace

which she afterwards deserted, in fear of an astrological prediction, events were moving towards the crisis which brought Henry IV. to the completion of the work. Before he could do more than erect the two great north and south pavilions, however, he, too, was stricken down, and his successor was the first Monarch who dignified the building by making it a Royal residence. The Grand Monarque lived long enough to rear the splendid structure to almost its present dimensions and to surround himself with all the magnificence which somehow helped to sustain his throne; but the first sound of the deluge had already been heard, and his successor, who was equally luxurious but less regal, saw the coming flood which was soon to sweep away the throne if not the palace. But both throne and palace lasted till his death. For Louis XVI. the Tuileries was both palace and prison. Then came the futile attempt to escape—the equally futile attempt to

conciliate the infuriated mob, and the wild license of the populace. It was in the wall of one of the rooms in the Tuileries that the iron chest was discovered containing papers which were said to prove the treachery of Mirabeau to the cause of freedom. It was in the Tuileries, the palace of the nation, now that the execution of the King had abolished royalty, that Robespierre played the wild fantastic farce by which the public worship was said to be established. Five weeks afterwards the deluge had surged back and swept him away with it. Of the deadly conflict which followed the former palace became the centre; battered, scarred, and broken, its walls were not restored till long after that celebrated coup d'état which once more made it a palace, the residence of the first Napoleon. It was he who first intended to connect the two masses of building—a plan which has been fulfilled by

the present Emperor. Now, too, the scars of its walls have been healed, and it has become, if not as gorgeous, perhaps as regal, as it was under the Grand Monarch himself. The Hall of Peace and the Hall of the Marshals, both of which are used as ballrooms, are, perhaps, the most important; and the latter, together with its two saloons (the Salon Blanc and the Salon d'Apollon), is decorated with the magnificent Gobelin carpets which cost about \$40,000. It is in the Gallery of Diana that the great State dinners are held; but the private apartments of the Emperor are situated behind the State rooms and look out upon the garden, while those of the Empress are on the ground floor of the southern wing—the suite once occupied by Marie Antoinette. It is in one of the former that the Emperor held the dinner-party represented in our Engraving, one of the last of those reunions previous to the departure of the Court for Compiegne.



A FAMILY DINNER AT THE TUILERIES.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. MOUTILLAN.)

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1863.

METROPOLITAN NUISANCES.

AFTER much discussion, the site of the new St. Thomas's Hospital is at length resolved upon. It is to be upon the embankment on the south side of the river Thames, immediately to the west of the new Westminster Bridge.

Against the selection there are at present only three objections. Firstly, the embankment upon which the hospital is to be built does not yet exist. Secondly, the Thames in its present condition of great main sewer of London is not exactly that which might be wished for as that of a river flowing immediately beneath the chambers of the sick and weakly. Thirdly, Lambeth, around the proposed spot, is one vast nucleus of factories fuliginous and odorous, offensive at once to the eye and to the nostrils. Especially, one famous boneboiler pervades the whole locality with a scent of a most pungent and sickening character.

But these objections are to be removed. Ere the foundations of the hospital can be laid upon the embankment which is to be provided, the Thames is to be restored to the purity of thirty years since, when we have frequently watched shoals of dace swimming past the Archbishop's palace, and when itinerant fishmongers were wont to sell in the streets of Lambeth and Westminster flounders and other fresh-water fish, leaping in the baskets in which they were borne from the adjacent river banks.

But what is to be done with the factories? Are the bone-boilers, the potters, the glumakers, the glassworks, the vinegar distillers, and the gasworks still to be allowed to render the district almost uninhabitable to all but those whom necessity may drive into the unsavoury precinct? Is the whole amount to be expended upon the embankment and the erection of the hospital to be rendered nugatory in order to subserve private commercial interests? We ask these questions because they appear to us of the highest importance in reference to the great and general metropolitan improvements which, slowly extending almost day by day, are nevertheless stunted and repressed by the existence of vast proprietary nuisances with which the Legislature apparently lacks spirit or stimulus to cope. We need not confine such questions to Lambeth. Take the Westminster side of the river. There, within a few hundred yards of the Houses of Parliament, the Abbey, and the courts of Westminster Hall, exists perhaps the most valuable tract of land in the whole world, if rent may be taken as a test of value. Almost every available chamber has for its tenants parliamentary agents, engineers, surveyors, solicitors, and officials of the Government. East, west, and north from the spot we have indicated, extend the residences and offices of these classes. On the south, the neighbourhood suddenly dwindles into a miserable "slum." Dean-street, Marsham-street, the Peter-streets, and all around seem to have fallen into a steady course of deterioration and decay. If you would inquire the cause, it is apparent in the huge, unsightly gasworks, which not only empoison the atmosphere, to the detriment of animal and the utter annihilation of vegetable life, but threatens the whole district with destruction by some such dire calamity as that of which a late explosion furnished what may prove to have been only a foretaste.

This is a matter which requires patient consideration and energetic legislation. The offensive trades and factories to which we have referred are no doubt eminently useful and even necessary to our modern life. When first established, they were no doubt set up in localities in which it was considered they would cause the smallest amount of detriment. But the times are changing. These factories now stand in the way of progress and improvement, and keep whole neighbourhoods in a condition which, except by removal of its causes, must eventually end in decay and ruin. The factories extend, and the district grows yet more and more poverty-stricken. Every Session that passes only increases the difficulty and expense of getting rid of the nuisances. If we are ever to hope for that London of the future of which we see glimpses in the ambitious plans of our architects, it becomes a matter not only of policy and economy, but of absolute necessity, to make such terms of compromise with the proprietors of these establishments that they may be removed into localities where their presence will not be a constantly-increasing injury to centres of business, industry, and population.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—A meeting of the shareholders of the Great Ship Company was held on Tuesday. The directors reported that they had been unable to raise the money which was necessary to free the vessel from her difficulties. A good deal of conversation took place, and resolutions were proposed; but it appeared that, as the company was now in Chancery, they had no power to adopt any of them, and the meeting separated without having come to any formal conclusion. The Master of the Rolls has ordered the Great Ship Company to be wound up, and the vessel will be sold by auction on the 14th of January in Liverpool.

THE RUSSIAN ARMAMENTS AND THE PORT.—The *Levant Herald* of Nov. 11 says:—"We understand that a diplomatic note, worded with great clearness and precision, has been addressed to the Russian Government by A. A. Pacha, our Minister for Foreign Affairs, on the subject of the Russian armaments which are notoriously in progress on the whole line of the Russo-Turkish frontier. A. A. Pacha requests distinct explanations from the Government of St. Petersburg as to the fortifications reported to be in active course of construction along the Crimean coast, and the number of gun-boats stated to be building in different ports of the Black Sea, in almost unpermitted violation of the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY has strictly prohibited smoking within the precincts of Windsor Castle. Notices to that effect have been posted even in the apartments of the Prince of Wales.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES left Sandringham on Tuesday and arrived at Windsor Castle in the evening on a visit to the Queen.

THE PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA laid the foundation-stone of a new church at Windsor on Saturday last.

BY DESIRE OF THE QUEEN, Prince Alfred is to be appointed Commander of the Royal Naval Reserve.

THE KING OF ITALY has returned to Turin. In passing through Bologna he paid a visit to General Cialdini, who has lately been very ill.

THE PRINCE OF WALES, having inspected the condition of the cottages on his estate at Sandringham, has ordered immediate repairs to be made.

THE BAHADOOR OF JYPEORE and the Bahadoor of Jheend have been made Knights of the Star of India.

THE HEALTH OF THE Duke of Newcastle, Secretary for the Colonies, is in an unsatisfactory state.

A FAVOURABLE CHANGE has taken place in the health of Sir William Atherton, who is now expected to recover.

SIR JAMES HUDSON is now occupying the Martinengo Palace, in a charming situation on the banks of the Benaco, at a short distance from Salo, in Breecia.

THERE are now in the United States at least 235 general hospitals for the use of the soldiers, containing about 80,000 patients.

PRINCE CHARLES-NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, grandson of King Joseph, and son of Charles-Lucien Bonaparte, the well-known naturalist, has just left Paris for Oran, with the rank of captain in the foreign legion.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY OF THE BEAUX ARTS, at its sitting on Saturday last, elected Mr. Donaldson, architect, of London, to be a foreign corresponding member, in the room of the late Mr. Cockerell.

THE EARL OF POWIS was formally inaugurated as High Steward of Cambridge University on Tuesday.

A RUMOUR obtained currency in the beginning of the week that Earl Russell was about to resign the secretaryship for foreign affairs, and that the Earl of Clarendon was to succeed to the post. It is now affirmed that there was no foundation whatever for the statement.

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF CORFU are, it is said, to be demolished, notwithstanding the opposition of the Hellenic Government.

A LADY RESIDING IN TORQUAY has just died, leaving a legacy of £40,000 to Mr. Disraeli, to whom she was an entire stranger, and has been influenced in making her munificent bequest solely by admiration for the right hon. gentleman's genius.

THE LAW AMENDMENT SOCIETY is to be amalgamated with the Social Science Association.

SNOW has fallen in great quantity on the crests of the Atlas, and has considerably lowered the temperature.

ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY there was not a single passenger killed or injured in 1862, out of more than eight millions and a half of passengers.

M. FOYATIER, the French sculptor, whose chisel has produced "Spartacus," "Cincinnatus," "Joan of Arc," &c., has just been carried off suddenly by an attack of apoplexy while busy in his studio.

THE WILL OF THE LATE MME. DE LAMARTINE, which left all her property to her husband, has been declared void in England owing to an informality in the execution. She was an Englishwoman.

THE ORIGINAL DRAUGHT OF President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation is in the hands of some persons in America for sale, the sum obtained to be given to a charity. 1000 dols. was offered for it.

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA is sending an Embassy into Bhotan, a large semi-independent State between India and China, and almost unknown to Europeans.

OVER TWO MILLIONS of ready money will be at the disposal of the Marquis of Bute on his coming of age. The Marquis is in his sixteenth year, and at Eton.

THE FARMERS ON THE YORKSHIRE WOLDS have of late been startled by a series of destructive fires, which are supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

THE NUMBER OF TRAVELLERS who have landed or embarked at Calais during the first ten months of the present year is 110,762, being an increase of 44,940 over the corresponding period of 1862.

THE PROPOSAL FOR A CONGRESS has produced the following *mot* from M. Thiers. "A consultation of doctors," said the statesman, "that is often useful; but a consultation of patients, what is the use of that?"

THE MEDICAL RETURNS IN PARIS for the month of October give an extraordinary increase of rheumatism. The hospitals are full of patients suffering from what a few years ago was called an "English disease."

"IT IS MEN LIKE HIM (Alexander II. of Russia) who compel thinkers to believe, in spite of themselves, that there will be no peace on earth till its Kings are swept away."—*Spectator*.—"And Presidents?"—*Globe*.

A BILL HAS BEEN SUBMITTED TO THE FRENCH COUNCIL OF STATE asking supplementary credits for ninety-one millions of francs, stated to be required to meet the expenses of the Mexican expedition.

IN ATHOL FOREST, the other day, Sir Alexander P. G. Cumming, Bart., of Altyre, killed two stags with a double-barrelled breech-loading fowling-piece right and left. He loaded again and brought down in a similar way two more. He again loaded, and killed a fifth.

THE MAN APPREHENDED AT AJMER AS THE NANA SAHIB, and who has been identified as a high priest of the Mahrattas, still remains a prisoner at Cawnpore; and it is his declared determination to sue Government for false arrest and imprisonment.

A PYRAMID, very similar in construction to the Egyptian pyramids—only much smaller—has recently been discovered in California. The stones composing the courses average 6 ft. in length and from 1 ft. to 3 ft. in thickness.

A MAN AND HIS WIFE, aged respectively 111 and 107 years, are now living in New South Wales. They are extremely feeble and bedridden, but are in possession of both sight and hearing. The old man arrived in the first fleet, in 1788, and has, consequently, been seventy-five years in the colony.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will preside at the anniversary dinner of the Printers' Pension Society, to take place on the 6th of April next, and the Sheriffs of London have signified their intention of being present on the occasion.

A FIRE BROKE OUT AT LISBON, on Thursday week, which consumed the block of buildings including the Bank of Portugal, the Municipality, Tobacco Contract, Fidelity Company, and about fifty private residences. The bank books and securities were saved.

A BOY of thirteen years of age was brought before the Liverpool police magistrates on Thursday week, after a remarkable series of adventures. He had worked his passage out to America, where he enlisted as a drummer in the Federal service, was taken prisoner and carried to Richmond. He was afterwards exchanged, and got to England by concealing himself on board the *Etna* steamer. The boy belongs to Gravesend.

A COURTEOUS RECTOR in a well-known northern county was in the habit of not commencing Divine service till he had satisfied himself that the squire was duly encoined in the family pew; but happening one Sunday to omit ascertaining the fact, he commenced, "When the wicked man"—but was instantly stopped by his clerk, who exclaimed, "Stop, Sir; he aint come in!"

THE MASTER OF THE WORKHOUSE AT PAISWICK wrote to certain persons to say that their relative John White was dead. The relatives immediately laid in a stock of provisions and drink to "wake" him, when it transpired that it was another John White who had died. The living John White was allowed to go and assist in disposing of the provender provided for his funeral.

A STATISTICIAN has had the patience to count the number of words employed by the most celebrated writers. The works of Corneille do not contain more than 7000 different words, and those of Molière, 8000. Shakespeare, the most fertile and varied of English authors, wrote all his tragedies and comedies with 15,000 words. Voltaire and Goethe employ 20,000; "Paradise Lost" only contains 8000; and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5642.

THE GUARDS.—An interesting memorial is being erected in the church of the Holy Trinity, Windor, to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and private soldiers of the Brigade of Guards who died in the Crimean War. It was suggested some years ago by the fact that there was no memorial in existence in which the names of the soldiers as well as officers were recorded, and, as the church of the Holy Trinity, Windor, seems to have been a favourite church with the Household Brigade, who have put up many monuments to their brother officers in it, those who were connected with the church suggested this way of recording the names of all the Crimean heroes of the Guards. The relatives of the deceased officers were communicated with, and very readily agreed to unite in defraying each of them the cost of one panel, to contain the coat of arms, motto, inscription (stating place, time, and circumstance of death), and name of an officer, and other panels on each side, containing about 100 names of soldiers. There are 28 officers in all, and upwards of 2000 non-commissioned officers and private soldiers. Her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to approve of the memorial, and has chosen and contributed a series of texts to surround the names, which are illuminated on the front of the gallery, as a mark of her approbation. The Duke of Cambridge, General Sir William Gomm, K.C.B., and General Sir Alexander Woodford, commanding three regiments of Guards, and his Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, have contributed the cost of completing the decoration in a manner worthy of this mark of her Majesty's approbation and of the memorial itself.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

PUBLIC attention has been drawn to the frequent meetings of the Cabinet, which we have seen announced in the daily papers; and our political gossips will have it that there is something extraordinary on the tapis, and that we may look for events. I do not believe, however, that there is anything special and unknown to the public under discussion. It is usual at the close of the year for Cabinet meetings to be frequent. When Parliament breaks up, her Majesty's Ministers, fatigued by the labour of the Parliamentary campaign, incontinently rush away from town to recruit their health and exhausted energies. Lord Palmerston snatches a week or two's quiet at Romsey; Earl Russell, not wishing to be classed with absentee Irish landlords, takes a trip to the county of Meath, to inspect his landed estate there; the Duke of Argyll wings his way aye to the Tweed; Sir George Grey, if he be not wanted to attend her Majesty, as he often is, gets home to Fallowden, in Cumberland; Earl De Grey has now large estates in Yorkshire, which must be visited; the Duke of Somerset, as First Lord of the Admiralty, is amphibious, and, after a day or two's sojourn at one of his country seats, of which he has three or four, takes to the sea and goes on a tour of inspection, thus combining business with pleasure; Mr. Milner Gibson, who is naturally amphibious, does the same thing in his own yacht, the Duke inspecting the naval harbours, &c., the President of the Board of Trade our commercial ports. The Chancellor of the Exchequer generally speeds off to Hawarden Castle, Flintshire, the seat of his father-in-law, and thence a little deeper into the principality, cowering under the shadow of Pen-maen-mawr. In short, all the Ministers—except always one left in town to keep guard—take their flight as soon as Parliament rises, and for a time we hear little or nothing about them; but about the middle of October they again make their appearance, but not in town. The time for staring it at public meetings and addressing constituents is now come—and this occupies about a month—and then "To business" is the word. In November Cabinet Ministers gravitate towards London as regularly as the swallows come in spring. But let no one suppose that the business of the departments stagnates whilst the chiefs are away. In every department there is a chief clerk or under-secretary who knows how to conduct the business of the country as well as his chief, and perhaps better. And if any matter turns up which requires the special attention of the chief, are there not the post and the telegraph, and a corps of messengers, ready to start to the ends of the earth at a moment's notice as fast as steam can carry them? Formerly it was rather awkward and inconvenient for a Minister to be long out of town; but now a communication can be flashed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Pen-maen-mawr and an answer thereto be received at the Treasury in half an hour, or a messenger can post down to him by rail and be back again in twenty hours.

In November, however, as I have said, all the Cabinet Ministers assemble again in town. For now, in the first place, it is time to prepare for the coming Parliamentary campaign. And, no doubt, this is the principal business that is occupying the attention of the Cabinet just now. But there are sundry other matters of importance which require prompt attention. There is the proposal of our friend over the water that all the Governments of Europe should meet in congress to discuss all disputed and disputable questions in a friendly chat. Then there is the miserable Kagosima affair. Shall we sanction it, or repudiate it and recall Admiral Kuper? Already a notice is on the books to call attention to this business. How shall we meet it? Remember that, in 1857, we were caught napping in the lorcha question, got defeated, and had to dissolve Parliament? The Schleswig-Holstein complication has, too, entered into a new phase since the death of the King of Denmark. Poland requires no consideration. That matter "Johnny" has settled, or rather the Emperor for him. Neither need we at present consider the Alexandra question, as that is hung up safely in the law courts, and will keep for a time. A word or two about New Zealand and our little war there may be necessary. I know not that there is anything else that specially demands attention; but here is quite enough to account for these frequent meetings of the Cabinet.

"By-the-by," said I to my friend Blogg, while chatting with him about the Cabinet meetings, "who presides at these Cabinet meetings and takes the votes? For I suppose there is a chairman, and of course there are, at times, divisions?" "How on earth should I know, my friend? I never had the honour to be a member of her Majesty's Cabinet, nor am I likely to have, and therefore I never thought it worth my while to make myself acquainted with their mode of procedure. But here is 'Dod's Manual of Dignities' on the table. That will tell you all about it, I have no doubt. Yes, here it is. The President of the Council is the man, for 'Dod' says 'his duties include attendance on the Queen's person as an officer of State, and he manages all debates in Council, proposes matters at the Sovereign's command, and reports the resolutions of the Council which may be agreed to thereon.' He presides, then, you may be sure. In fact, I suspect that he has very little else to do. But then he has only £2000 a year." "I suppose they conduct their business in a strictly formal manner?" "I know no more than Adam. I never was on speaking terms with more than one Cabinet Minister; and whenever I wished to pump him about Cabinet matters he bristled up his feathers like an old hen with chickens when a dog shows his face in the poultry-yard. I suspect that sometimes they have formal debates; but, generally, they first talk matters over in a social way. But you might as well try to penetrate the Asian mystery, as Dizzy calls it, as to get at these Cabinet doings."

Mr. Charles Buxton has given notice that on the first Tuesday after the meeting of Parliament he will move the following resolutions:—"1. That this House views the burning of the town of Kagosima by Admiral Kuper with deep regret. 2. That the burning of the town of Kagosima was not justified by the instructions issued to Colonel Neale." This is putting it very mildly, and I think it is evident that Mr. Buxton means no mischief. All the House—Ministers and Opposition—may support the first resolution. To produce any effect, the resolution should have been in this form:—"That the House strongly condemns the conduct of Admiral Kuper." On the second resolution it is easy to see that there will be an immense amount of unsatisfactory talk (as there always is when a discussion arises upon the construction of a document) and nothing done, unless some bolder man than Mr. Buxton should move an amendment and force a division. Mr. Buxton, I suspect, will be contented with a discussion without a division. But when once a resolution is launched the mover has no power over it. He cannot withdraw it without the permission of the House; it is in the power of any member to demand a division; and any member may move an amendment. If a strong and pointed amendment should be moved, and a division demanded, I should not at all be surprised if the Government were beaten. In that case Lord Palmerston would do as he did in 1857—appeal to the country. It is, however, impossible at present to foretell the result of a division. Much will depend upon the manner in which the Government shall meet the question. Lord Palmerston may possibly throw the Admiral overboard. He does not, though, generally forsake his employees. As a rule, he stands by them at all costs. Then, again, what will the Conservative chiefs do? I had thought that the independent Liberals would all pronounce against the Admiral; but I see that Mr. Dunlop, the member for Greenock, who is one of the most independent members in the House, and one of the most clear-headed, defends the bombardment; and declares, farther, that the Admiral was justified by his instructions. Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, who have been speaking at Rochdale, strongly condemn it, as everybody knew they would. On the whole, I am disposed to think that the Government will somehow wriggle out of the difficulty unscathed.

The Conservatives have decided to contest Buckinghamshire. Their candidate is a Mr. R. B. Harvey, of Langley Park, Slough, of whom I know nothing, and who, as far as I know, is quite unknown in the political world. But no matter. If the party mean to have a regular stand-up fight, and no mistake, I think they will very likely get the seat; for at every election between 1832 and 1852 Buckinghamshire returned three Conservatives. In 1832 the Liberals got the seat, and they did the same in 1852; but 1832 was the Reform year, and in 1852, when the last contest

occurred, the Conservatives brought forward only two candidates. Mr. Cavendish's opponent was not a Conservative, but Dr. Lee, a Radical. Mr. Cavendish was, however, 600 behind Dupré and 577 below Disraeli. It may be said that if the 656 who voted for Lee had voted for Cavendish he would have been above Disraeli; but, on calculating how many voters polled, I am led to the conclusion that most of these 656 Radicals did vote for Cavendish. Moreover, it is probable that the Conservatives have increased their strength in Bucks since 1852, as they have in most other counties.

In the British Museum there are 25,000 species of insects and other articulate animals, the care and arrangement of which fall to the lot of Mr. Frederick Smith. The assistant to this gentleman retired last year, and his place has been filled up from the list of Museum transcribers. Mr. Panizzi is seriously taken to task for this by irate naturalists, who assail the principle upon which the appointment was made and the capacity of the person appointed. It is held that some one skilled in entomology should have been selected for the care of insects; and, as several men of scientific acquirements were candidates for the post, that it was scarcely right to bestow it upon one who, in the gentle words of Professor Westwood, "does not know a butterfly from a moth, or a bug from a beetle." The Entomological Society actually passed a resolution that the appointment made was a great detriment to the progress of the classification of the collection, and was virtually a waste of public money. It is now complained, with some naïveté, that the only effect of this grand remonstrance was to bring down "a severe wiggling" upon the heads of two of the Museum staff, who are members of the society and who voted for the resolution. To any one conversant with the internal management and discipline of a public department, there is something so ludicrously opposed to orders in two subordinates joining in public protests against a promotion made by their chief, that a mere wiggling seems a very mild punishment for so flagrant an offence. Mr. Panizzi declines either to promote from the outer world or to be dictated to by outsiders; and, in spite of the specious arguments put forth in this particular case, there can be no doubt that, as a general principle, his decision is wise.

A gentleman who was knighted last Monday (Sir P. S. Carey, the High Bailiff of Guernsey) has just retired from the St. Peter Port Church District Society under somewhat notable circumstances. One of the ladies who charitably takes charge of districts under the auspices of this society was invited to a fancy ball, and in the innocence of her heart accepted the invitation. Do you see any connection between this not-very-remarkable fact and the withdrawal of the High Bailiff's name? What do you think of a bigoted clergyman declaring that "a fancy ball and a district for spiritual instruction are not concordant spheres of action?" and forbidding the lady, in his capacity of president, to continue her ministrations. All honour to Sir P. S. Carey for contemning such intolerance, and for insisting that rules ought to be laid down to which alone members of the society should be amenable. Conceive the anomaly of a body of ladies and gentlemen who cheerfully give both time and money to their poorer neighbours being hectoring out of their innocent amusements by a fanatic, and you will not be surprised at my Guernsey informant congratulating herself on the High Bailiff's resignation and protest.

As a refreshing contrast to this phase of clerical life, let me quote the Rev. C. A. Bromby, of the Cheltenham Training College. At a meeting held the other day, at Stroud, of the Worcestershire Union of Mechanics' Institutes, Sir John Pakington talked rather drearily concerning the diffusion of knowledge and the improvement of the mind. You know the notions that were in fashion some five-and-thirty years ago, when "the intelligent mechanic" was supposed to eagerly devote his evenings to mathematics, and when indulgence in mere amusement was denounced as if it were a social crime. It is now all but universally acknowledged that the bow must be sometimes unbent, and that "the intelligent mechanic" has as keen an objection to be bored as his betters. Upon this reaction Sir John Pakington passed feeble strictures, whereupon Mr. Bromby declared that he "saw no necessary connection between skittles and public-houses, nor between tobacco and drinking." The next speaker, an evidently jovial member of Parliament, going further than this, said "he approved of clubs, and that he himself belonged to a labourer's free-and-easy." It is not difficult to say which class of speech was most popular and appealed most effectually to the sympathies of those to whom it was addressed. Why, as has been often and pertinently asked, is the working-man to be treated like a baby? Why should stern intellectual labour be deemed his only proper recreation, and why should his legitimate leisure not be given up to pleasant idleness, if it please him so to devote it? Men of Sir John Pakington's own station are not taken seriously to task by society when they play a game of billiards, nor branded as drunkards if they are seen smoking a cigar; and the Cheltenham parson and the M.P. did more to popularise institutes, and thus indirectly to elevate their audience, than would be achieved by a thousand well-meaning but obtuse country gentlemen, who prose *ad nauseam* upon the evils of ignorance and the necessity of constant work.

Let me note with pleasure Lord Brougham's denial of the speech currently attributed to him, and commented on by me last week. It is refreshing to know that although his Lordship "may have said that some able men seem to devote too much of their time to collecting anecdotes of Shakespeare," he never meant to imply "that he was overrated, or that his opinion differed from the rest of the world." This is a rap for certain learned gentlemen, who shall be nameless, and effectually exculpates the venerable reformer from the charge of depreciating the man whose memory all England rejoices to honour.

At the Society of Antiquaries the other night, Mr. George Scharf read an interesting paper concerning a portrait by Holbein, which had been lent from Windsor Castle by permission of the Queen. From time immemorial this picture has been labelled "unknown," and it was reserved for Mr. Scharf to fix its identity, by comparing it with a portrait of the Duchess of Milan, in the possession of the Norfolk family, and now hanging in Arundel Castle. When Holbein painted, there was none of that artificial and conventional posing, which gives to the distinguished portraits of Brown, Jones, and Robinson of to-day so strong a family likeness. To produce his sitters on canvas "in their habit as they lived" was the only thing aimed at by the artist, and as this fair Duchess had apparently a peculiarly awkward method of holding her hands and gloves, she is so handed down to posterity. This one fact led to a comparison of the two portraits, and the result is the substitution on the back of the picture of the words "Duchess of Milan, daughter of the King of Denmark, see Mr. Scharf's letter," for the dingy label "unknown," which, from its colour, must have done duty for many a long year. One of the cumbersome but handsome silver badges formerly worn by the bargemen of the Admiralty was exhibited the same evening, as a recent present to the society from "My Lords." With the exception of one other specimen, just placed in the British Museum, these fine old relics are—with an appreciation of their real value worthy of Fagan, the Jew—to be consigned to the melting-pot. Can the Admiralty be in want of money?

One of the effects of the protracted struggle across the Atlantic is the establishment and success of an Army and Navy Journal in New York. Hear this, apostles of peace and denouncers of standing armies. In a State where, a very few years ago, real soldiers were unknown, military matters have now their special and exclusive organ. The paper in question is framed in close imitation of the journal edited by Mr. Russell, of the Times.

Mr. Disraeli, in "Tancred" and other of his earlier works, made a great stand for the future of the Jewish race. A German writer has just published some remarkable observations in support of Mr. Disraeli's views. According to this learned gentleman, the children of Israel are rapidly subjugating the world, becoming possessed of all its wealth, and bringing it rapidly over to their religion. The spread of rationalistic Theism is the spread of the religion of the Jews, the enormous wealth of the Rothschilds is but a type of their general prosperity, and the result of it all is to be permanent bondage for all other races. I should like to take this theorist for a walk down the Minorities or to Petticoat-lane, and to then hear his opinions as to the governing classes.

I want to ask your opinion of two letters, from widely different people, on entirely opposite subjects, but which were published in the newspapers on the same day. The first is from Mr. Quartermaster C. Wooden to Lieutenant-Colonel Crawley, and commences, "Having been requested by you whether I consider the remarks," and continues, "as far as I remember, I may assert that I do not consider." I only quote this as a model for style. Mr. Wooden is vouched for as "the best letter-writer in the Inniskillings;" and, from this specimen of his powers, I leave you to judge of the powers of composition of the less favoured members of that gallant corps. The other letter is from Victor Hugo to Garibaldi, in reply to the latter's request for funds for "another million of muskets for the Italians." It concludes thus:—"You will need the million of muskets. You will need also, and above all, the million of arms, the million of hearts, and the million of souls." Why "and"? Does the great French author know of men with souls but without hearts, and *vice versa*? and why should he restrict Garibaldi to "a million of arms"? Soldiers with one arm apiece cannot be particularly eligible in the field.

The second number of the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review* (published five months after the first) is being reprinted, the sale having reached a couple of thousand, which may be looked upon as a great success, considering the great delay attendant on its publication. It is a *livre de luxe*; and its type, paper, and general appearance are perfect. Some of its articles are good, some merely compilations. Of the latter class is the editor's list of the Poussins in the Royal Collection, embellished by a splendid photograph. The best article in the number is Mr. Palgrave's, "On the Pretty and the Beautiful," written with admirable taste and marred by only one blot. Says Mr. Palgrave:—"When we delight in the smiling prettiness of Guido, we lose the eye which can trace the lofty and desolate beauty of Michael Angelo and Holman Hunt." Now, Mr. Hunt is a genuine artist of great talent; but he is scarcely fitted to "run in double harness" with Michael Angelo just yet.

Dr. Mackay is, I understand, only temporarily in England, and will soon return to New York as *Times* correspondent. Before he leaves, a new volume of poems from his pen will be published, with the title, "Studies from the Antique, and Sketches from Nature."

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

A farce, much broader than it is long, and in some respects decidedly coarse, has been produced at the Strand. It is called "My New Place," and introduces to a Strand audience Mr. A. Wood, who recently supplied Mr. Toole's place at the Adelphi. Mr. Wood has natural talent, but as yet he is utterly provincial, and wants ease and polish.

LORD CLARENCE PAGET ON THE BURNING OF KAGOSIMA.

In addressing a meeting at Deal, a few days ago, Lord Clarence Paget, Secretary to the Admiralty, thus spoke of late events at Kagosima:—

In Japan our sailors had been called upon to perform a very gallant action in avenging the death of an Englishman who had been murdered by one of the local chieftains of that empire; and he was the more gratified to express his thanks for honourable mention of the services of the Navy on that occasion, inasmuch as a report had got abroad, and had been very largely circulated by the press among various branches of the community, that the gallant Admiral who was charged with the task of punishing the daimio of Satsuma had acted with wanton cruelty in wilfully destroying a large town—the town of Kagosima. He could assure them that His Majesty's Government deplored the loss of property which took place on that occasion. They deplored it, as all must deplore that the property of innocent individuals should be sacrificed in any of these warlike operations, and especially as it was probably accompanied with considerable loss of life. There was no intelligence whatever as to the loss of life; but with regard to property we had intelligence that the loss must have been great and grievous. It had been assumed that Admiral Kuper and the gallant officers and sailors under him wilfully bombarded a defenceless town and destroyed the property of the inhabitants. Now, it became him as a brother officer of those gallant men, and likewise as an officer who represented them in this country—at all events, in the House of Commons—to explain that the loss of property and the dreadful conflagration which occurred on that occasion were due, not to any intention, he was sure, on the part of the Admiral, the officers, and the sailors of the fleet. It was not their design to do anything but punish this insolent daimio, who had been guilty of the murder of an Englishman. The action was precipitated by fire being opened on the British ships by the forts of the daimio; and it so happened that at the time it blew a very heavy gale of wind. To reply to this fire in the midst of a storm and a sea running on a lee shore was, as his brother sailors around him would be aware, a difficult and arduous enterprise, especially with the small squadron under Admiral Kuper's command. They performed their duty nobly, however, and he was sure, if it had not been for the dreadful weather and the unsteadiness of the ships from the violence of the sea, the fire would have been confined to the forts of the Prince and the public property, without any destruction to the property or sacrifice of the lives of innocent people, which, he was satisfied, was deplored as deeply by the Admiral of that squadron and by every officer and man belonging to it as by the Government and people of this country. He had thought it due, in justice to these gallant men, to endeavour to correct a misapprehension and remove from their honour a charge which to sailors was one of the most grievous that could be cast upon them—viz., a charge of inhumanity. He unhesitatingly said, both for the Army and Navy of this country, that if there was one characteristic more prominent among them than another, it was their humanity towards their foes.

ORDNANCE EXPERIMENTS.—On Friday week a preliminary trial of Sir W. Armstrong's monster gun was made at Shoeburyness. It weighs twenty-two tons, and is mounted on an ordinary gun-carriage of great size and strength. Its length over all is 15 ft., that of the bore being 12 ft. Its internal diameter is 13 1/2 in., and it is rifled on the "shunting" principle. The thickness of the walls of the gun at the breech is 20 1/2 in., the total diameter at the trunnions being 55 in. It carries a conical, cast-iron, hollow-headed shot weighing 510 lb., or a shell of ordinary construction weighing 600 lb., and capable of containing a bursting charge of no less than 40 lb. of powder. The charge used with shot was 70 lb., with shell 60 lb. The gun was given one degree of elevation, and the word passed that all was ready. The last bugle-call was sounded, and the great gun was fired for the first time. The ponderous shot burst from the mouth of the piece with a terrific rush and roar, striking the sand at about 700 yards from the shore, leaping and dashing onward, ricocheting five or six times, and finally burying itself near the 4000 yards' target. The next three rounds were fired at an elevation of two degrees, after which followed three at five degrees, and three at ten degrees. Three dead shells, weighing 600 lb. each, were then fired with charges of 60 lb., a 300 lb. round-shot with a charge of 70 lb. completing the day's experiments. The gun was easily served by a party of twenty men. Before the men left the ground the gun was most attentively examined, but not the slightest flaw could be detected by the most critical artilleryman present.

BETHNAL-GREEN.—There is yet more evidence of the want of a proper sanitary supervision of Bethnal-green. An inquest was held on Wednesday on the body of a child named Ball, the son of a coffee-shop-keeper, whose premises are near to a large cowshed in Hollybush-place. The child was the last of three, in the same family, who have died from the effects of the impure air they breathed. Among other witnesses examined was Dr. Letheby, who gave a concise account of the fearful condition of Hollybush-place and the neighbourhood. He strongly recommended that there should be more inspectors of nuisances in the neighbourhood. The jury embodied his suggestions in their verdict.

THE GLOVE BILL OF AN "INFANT."—A hosiery, named Grant, brought an action in the Sheriff's Court against a lad named Smith, apparently about seventeen, to recover £6 10s., balance of an account for goods supplied. Defendant did not deny the debt, but urged his youth in defence. His Honour, on looking at the bill, observed to defendant, "Why, you must have done nothing but wear gloves. I find three pairs in one month, four pairs in another, five pairs in another, and at last six pairs. You have had, on the average, four pairs a month for at least a year." Defendant said he was nineteen years of age, and had an income of £70 a year. He was ordered to pay £2 per quarter.

ARRIVAL OF INDIAN SCULPTURE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—Within the last few days a number of large wooden cases, containing a quantity of Indian sculpture, apparently presented to her Majesty, have arrived at Windsor Castle. The cases have been deposited in the castle storeyard, where their contents are being unpacked and cleared. The sculptures and carvings, which are of white statuary marble, slightly tinted here and there with brownish veins, comprise a small temple of the most beautiful Oriental construction, with delicately perforated panels, pilasters, and cornices, ornamented with leaves and cupola dome, all finely chiselled by Eastern artists; and two beautifully executed elephants, furnished with housings, bells round their necks, and tassels depending from their ears, mounted on low, flat pedestals, carved in the same material as the temple. The elephants, which are magnificent pieces of carving, are each about 4 ft. high and 4 ft. in length.

COURT-MARTIAL ON COLONEL CRAWLEY.

THE COURTROOM.

On the right of the road from Farnborough station to Aldershot, and just where the huts are thickest, stands the Clubhouse, which is the scene of this memorable court-martial. It is an iron building, consisting of a centre and two wings, not unlike a mission church. A neat portico in front relieves the tameness of the building and shades the principal doorway, which gives admittance to the main room of the club, a commodious serviceable apartment, lighted by day by means of clerestory windows and at night by three glass chandeliers of modest pretensions. The larger half is railed off for the purposes of the Court and the press, the tribunal occupying the centre of the reserved space, seated around a table which is garnished by an abundant supply of writing materials and a multiplicity of books. Models of the bungalow in which Sergeant-Major Lilley died, and of one similar to that in which he was first confined, are also exhibited. These models are shown in our Engraving. The actual building in which the deceased Sergeant-Major was originally confined could not be reproduced in model, as it had been pulled down to make way for new barracks before the court-martial at Mhow was held; but the bungalow of which a model is exhibited is stated to be exactly similar. It may be described as a one-storied building, having a verandah in front, and a sitting-room running the whole length of the building, opening from the verandah. Behind the sitting-room were two apartments; one a bedroom, the other the Sergeant-Major's office, according to the witness Mills; while behind these again were two small rooms, the one behind the "office" being occupied by a native servant. Mills avers that the sentry was placed in the native servant's apartment, and could thus see into the office, and through the office into the sitting-room.

The prosecutor's table is to the right of the president, the prisoner's to the left. Behind the president's chair a few rows of seats are occupied by officers, spectators of the trial, who are balanced at the opposite portion of the railed-off space by a row of reporters, comfortably seated at tables prepared for their accommodation. A retiring-room is provided for them, and one of the first acts of the Officiating Judge-Advocate before the proceedings commenced was to express a courteous hope that they were provided with all needful accommodation. As eleven o'clock approached on the opening day the scene became animated. Officers in full dress who were to be witnesses, comprising gentlemen of the 72nd Highlanders and other regiments, as well as those of the 6th or Inniskilling Dragoons, made their appearance. The men of the Inniskilling and other regiments were likewise marched into the room, in the space supposed to be allotted for the public, but, when the proceedings commenced, they were ordered to withdraw. At eleven the members of the Court took their seats, blue and scarlet uniforms being about equally balanced.

THE COURT AND THE PROSECUTORS.

To give a popular idea of the parts fulfilled by the different actors on the part of the authorities, we may describe the officiating Judge-Advocate, Colonel J. K. Phipps, as holding the position of the Judge at a jury trial, while the officers composing the Court are the jury, the President acting as chancellor or foreman. Technically, however, the Judge-Advocate is more for the purpose of advising the Court than directing the proceedings, although he practically does the latter. The prosecutor, on behalf of the Horse Guards, is Colonel Sir Alfred Horsford, K.C.B., who acts as Attorney-General. He is the beau-ideal of a soldier, with shaven cheeks, crisp hair, a round face, and a little turned-up saucy moustache, his breast covered with medals enough to rejoice the hearts of all the subs in a regiment if divided among them. He is assisted by Mr. Denison as counsel, in ordinary costume, and undoubtedly it would have added greatly to the dispatch of business if the civilians had been allowed to conduct the whole matter without using the scarlet go-betweens. Sir G. Wetherall, the president of the Court, is an excellent specimen of a Horse Guards official. He is an old man, with white hair, a white moustache, and just such a face—half benignant, half intelligent, but, on the whole, rather perplexed—which we associate with the idea of a worthy grandpapa investigating some disagreeable family difference—a pleasant old gentleman, with a body inclined to corpulency, and legs gradually thinning off to shadows. He is flanked right and left by a set of officers, whose breasts, bedizened with orders, show that they have seen service in every clime and on many well-contested fields. The junior officers—Lieutenant-Colonel Grey, 37th Foot, and Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, 73rd Foot—as is the custom, sit at the foot of the table, but, although younger in years than the others, their decorations show that they have earned their position by hard work. Amongst the civilians present we observed Mr. Coningham, M.P., who has throughout taken so great an interest in this case, and Dr. Russell, of Crimean fame.

THE PRISONER AND HIS COUNSEL.

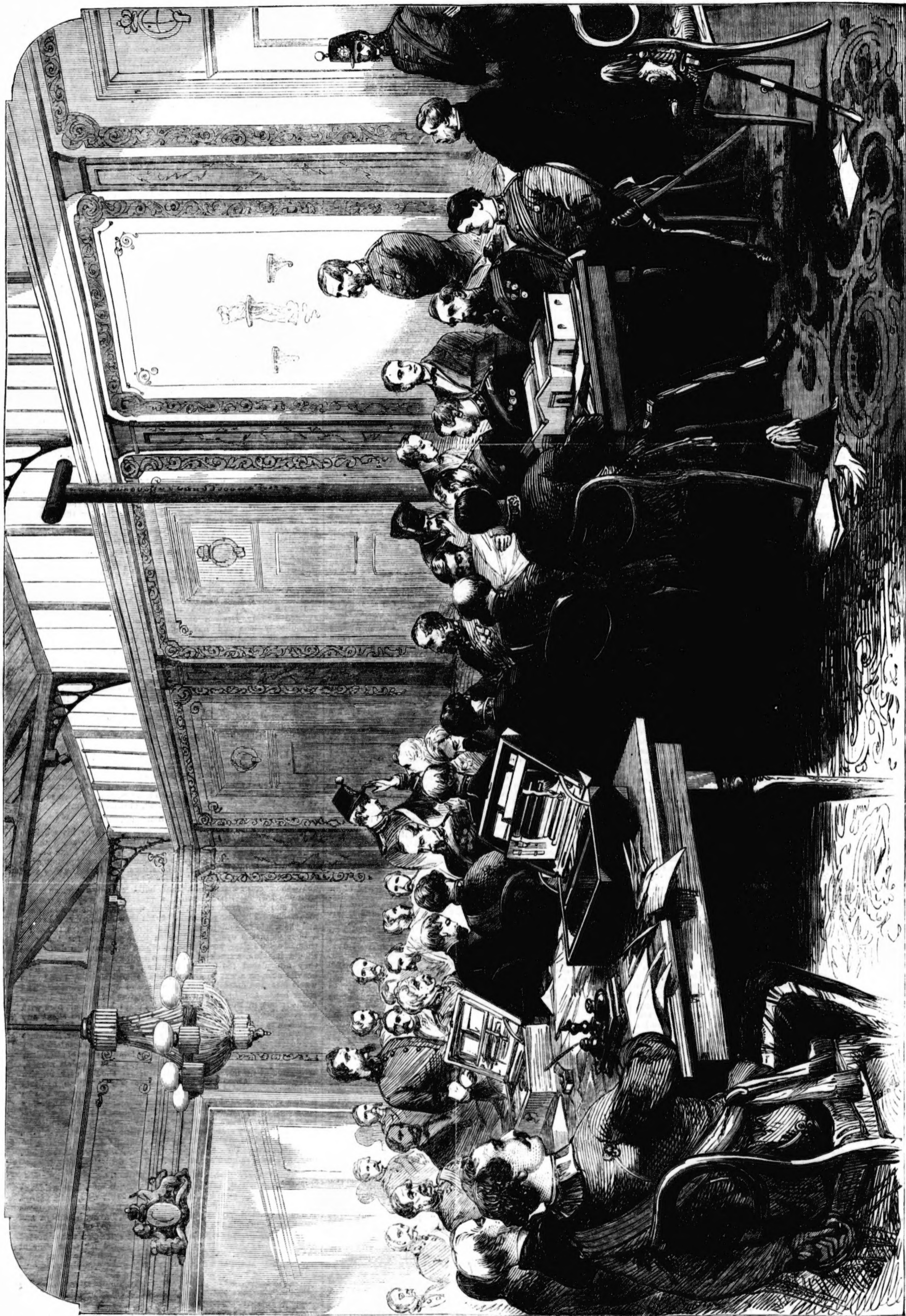
Colonel Crawley, the prisoner, was accompanied by his solicitors and by Mr. Vernon Harcourt and Mr. Waller, as his counsel, and by his brother, also an officer in the service. The counsel, being present only for the purpose of giving advice, and not being permitted to speak, are not in their robes as barristers. Colonel Crawley is of course in uniform, but without his sword or sword-belt. He is a man above the average height, of a manly build, wearing a Crimean medal with one bar. His hair is thin, approaching to grey; he wears a broad, closely-cropped, and very thin whisker, with a thin, dark moustache. The nose is prominent, his brow of an average height, and the whole face might be fairly styled handsome were it not for a blemish in the eyes, or rather in their position, for the orbs themselves are clear, keen, restless organs—very apt to detect, we should imagine, a speck of dirt on a soldier's accoutrements—but they are placed too closely together, and the eyebrow comes heavily over, in a way to give a stern, almost sinister, look to the whole face, and detracts from its otherwise open expression. The cheek-bones are high, and in the progress of the trial became flushed; but, on the whole, the Colonel plays his difficult part with great ability. Mr. Vernon Harcourt suggests to his client any objection to the course of examination, and Colonel Crawley puts the objection to the Court always firmly but respectfully. Mr. Harcourt is understood to be the "Historious" of the *Times*, whose letters on the privateer question have excited a considerable degree of attention. He has a good legal face, with a keen eye, and a lipless mouth, expressive of no mean determination if he should ever require to exercise it. Apparently, as if to balance this expression, he parts his hair somewhat effeminately in the middle. Some years ago he made a vigorous attempt to get into Parliament for the Kirkcaldy boroughs, in opposition to Colonel Fergusson, and he so won the hearts of the electors who supported him, although he failed to succeed, that they presented him with a handsome testimonial. He was again invited to stand at the late vacancy for those boroughs, on the retirement of Colonel Fergusson, but his reply was that he had married a wife and could not come.

LIEUTENANT FITZSIMON.

This officer, a tall, soldierly young fellow, upon whose evidence so much depends, gave his testimony remarkably well, with perfect clearness and precision. He is said to be a grandson of the famous Daniel O'Connell, and is a native of Ireland, having been born and spent his boyhood in the immediate neighbourhood of where Colonel Crawley's property is situated. Lieutenant Fitzsimon was educated at the Military Academy of Vienna, and served for some time in the Austrian army. At the time of the Crimean War he raised a hundred men at his own expense, and received a commission in consequence. He subsequently exchanged into the Inniskillings, then serving in India, and hence came to be mixed up in the affairs out of which the court-martial on his commanding officer originated.

THE TRIAL.—FOURTH DAY.

In our last week's Number we published the substance of the proceedings on the first three days of the trial. On the fourth, Friday, the 20th, the cross-examination of Lieutenant Fitzsimon was continued. The purport of the questions asked by Colonel Crawley was to elicit whether, in the opinion of the witness, Sergeant-Major and



THE COURT-MARTIAL ON LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CRAWLEY AT ALDERSHOT.

THE CRAWLEY COURT-MARTIAL.



SIR A. HORSFORD, PUBLIC PROSECUTOR.



COLONEL PIPON, JUDGE ADVOCATE.



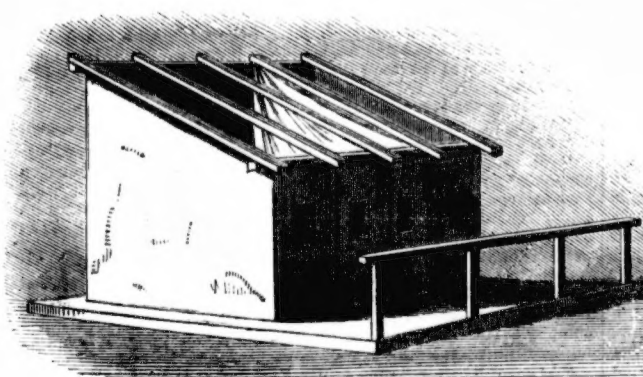
COLONEL CRAWLEY.



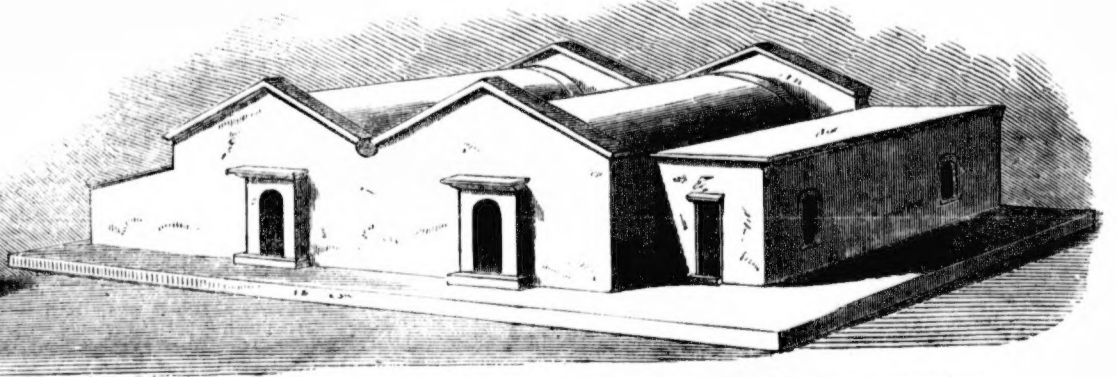
SIR G. WETHERALL, PRESIDENT OF THE COURT.



LIEUTENANT FITZSIMONS



MODEL OF THE BUNGALOW IN WHICH SERGEANT-MAJOR LILLEY DIED, WITH THE ROOF OFF, TO SHOW THE INTERIOR.



MODEL OF A BUNGALOW SIMILAR TO THAT IN WHICH SERGEANT-MAJOR LILLEY WAS FIRST CONFINED.

Mrs. Lilley were annoyed and inconvenienced by the position in which the sentries were placed in the inside of the prisoner's quarters. The answers of the witness, who was very closely pressed, were to the effect that he could not of his own knowledge say whether the inconvenience referred to had been caused or not, as he had abstained from entering the building out of consideration for Mrs. Lilley, who he understood to be seriously ill. He had, however, heard the matter talked of, and had been told that the Sergeant-Major and his wife were annoyed by the close proximity of the sentries. He did not contradict these statements, because he could not refute statements as to the foundation of which he had no knowledge. No report had been made to him upon the subject; and, as what he heard was only at second-hand, he could take no official notice of it.

FIFTH DAY.

Saturday's proceedings were devoted, as the two previous days had been, to the cross-examination of Lieutenant Fitzsimon. The witness was again pressed as to the inconvenient position of the sentries; and, in answer to the questions put, stated that he did not post the sentries inside Sergeant-Major Lilley's room; that he thought they must have inconvenienced Mrs. Lilley; but that he did not inquire nor go inside to see that the annoyances should be as little as possible. Some questions were then asked as to the circumstances under which Lieutenant Fitzsimon's letter in reference to the reprimand passed upon him by the Mhow court-martial and by Sir Hugh Rose was written. The witness stated that he requested the assistance of Quartermaster Woodin in the composition of that letter, and he did so because the quartermaster was the best letter-writer in the regiment. The remarks appended by Colonel Crawley to Mr. Fitzsimon's letter were then read; and, in answer to questions put, the latter officer declared that he did not know how Paymaster Smales became possessed of a copy of the letter; that he had consulted with his own friends on the subject since he returned to England, but never with Mr. Smales. At the close of the cross-examination the prosecution intimated that they had no further questions to ask, and the witness was, therefore, relieved from further examination.

SIXTH DAY.

At the sitting on Monday the cross-examination of witnesses, which had occupied the whole of the four previous days, came to an end, and the prosecution was allowed to make some further progress in the charge. Several commissioned and non-commissioned officers, including Major Swindley, Captain Weir, Quartermaster Woodin, Sergeant-Major Cotton, and others, confirmed the evidence of Lieutenant Fitzsimon as to the posting of the sentries over Sergeant-Major Lilley. They testified to being present when Colonel Crawley gave the order that the sentry should not lose sight of Lilley night nor day, and in reply to remarks that the prisoner was married and that his wife was sick, said he did not care, married or single, his orders must be carried out. One of the sentries, however, stated that the orders were that the sentries should not go into Mrs. Lilley's bedroom.

SEVENTH DAY.

On Tuesday, Colonel Henry Dalrymple White, Assistant Adjutant-General of Cavalry, was examined and deposed—I knew the late Sergeant-Major Lilley. I consider he was a most excellent soldier and one of the most steady men I ever met with. The letter produced is in my handwriting, and I have not the least objection to its being read to the Court. The letter was read accordingly, as follows:—

Horse Guards, No. 14, 1863.

Sir,—With reference to your letter of the 13th inst., I beg to state that I remember the late Sergeant-Major Lilley joining the 6th Dragoons as a recruit at the close of 1843 or the commencement of 1844. I was then a Lieutenant in the regiment, and I remained in it till I gave up the command of the corps, which was towards the end of 1857, having been then about three years and four months Lieutenant-Colonel and in constant command. When I was Captain, Lilley was for some time in my troop, and in every grade that he filled in the regiment I always considered that he was one of the most excellent soldiers and one of the most sober and steady men I had ever met with. When the regiment went to the Crimea, in 1854, Lilley was left at the depot as Troop Sergeant-Major of one of the troops there. In 1855, considering him one of the most deserving non-commissioned officers in the regiment, I promoted him to the rank of Regimental Sergeant-Major. He joined the service troops in the Crimea in 1855, and from that time till he left the regiment I saw a great deal of him, both when I was in the office and when he accompanied me, as he always did, when I went round the camp or barracks. I never perceived the slightest sign about him that would lead me to suppose that he was a man who drank—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. D. WHITE,
Assistant Adjutant-General of Cavalry.

To the Deputy Adjutant-General.

Some other witnesses were examined as to the character of Sergeant-Major Lilley, all of whom spoke of him in the very highest terms, as a sober, intelligent, industrious, and excellent soldier and officer. The remainder of the day was occupied in cross-examining the witnesses who had been called for the prosecution on the preceding day. They were mostly the officers of the regiment, and the object of Colonel Crawley was to show that they bore a grudge against him, and had been reprimanded for the animus they showed in the course of their examination on the former trial. A member of the Court, Colonel Loder, was seized with sudden illness at half-past three o'clock, and this brought the sitting to an earlier conclusion than usual. The gallant officer is suffering from a severe attack of lumbago, and has not since been able to attend the sittings of the Court.

EIGHTH DAY.

The court-martial on Colonel Crawley was resumed on Wednesday, though Colonel Loder, the officer on account of whose indisposition the Court adjourned on the previous day, was unable to attend. Letters written by Colonel Crawley about the time of the Sergeant-Major's death, and giving his version of the affair, were read. Among the witnesses examined was the surgeon who attended the Sergeant-Major and his wife. His impression was that Mrs. Lilley was inconvenienced by the proximity of the sentry in the second quarters to her bedroom; and that the Sergeant-Major's death, which was caused by apoplexy, was likely to have been accelerated by his confinement.

NINTH DAY.

Thursday was occupied with the cross-examination of the witnesses produced for the prosecution on the preceding day. In questions put to the Regimental Assistant Surgeon, it was sought to be shown that the fact that certain quantities of spirits were consumed by Sergeant-Major Lilley and his wife was as likely to have caused their deaths as the confinement and annoyance to which they had been subjected. The witness, however, adhered substantially to the opinion he had previously given, although he admitted that spirits and the influence of climate would tend to produce illness and death. He did not, however, seem to think they had done so in the case of the deceased Sergeant-Major and his wife. Witness had informed Dr. Turnbull that the close confinement was injurious to the health of the prisoners, and some modification of the orders concerning them was made in consequence. No inquest was held on Sergeant-Major Lilley, as the commanding officer did not think it necessary.

GREECE.—An Athens letter of the 14th contains the subjoined:—"The Athenians are becoming daily more and more pleased with their young King. They are surprised at the simple, modest, and really antique life he leads. He walks through the streets alone on foot, or with one of his young Danish friends, saluting all—stopping to converse with people, visiting the vegetable market, inquiring the prices of the articles exposed for sale, &c. King Otto, on the contrary, never went out but with the greatest solemnity. King George attends the national Divine service on Sundays. It is reported that he is about to embrace the faith of his subjects, but I do not believe the statement. All the promotions made in the army since the revolution have been abolished by the National Assembly. In an army of 4000 men, in one day, not less than 300 sub-lieutenants were appointed. The lieutenants made themselves colonels, and Hæffon, a simple writer, had become General-in-Chief. The Government has just given a mark of confidence to the inhabitants. It has replaced the English and French sailors who guarded the Bank by a body of twenty gendarmes."

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE LONG RECKONING.

(Continued from page 331.)

CHAPTER XII.

Lady Ingatestone's staircase was in that condition of compact impossibility which, between one and two o'clock, satisfactorily stamps the ball of the evening. There are always one or two other balls where there is plenty of room to dance and no difficulty in getting up stairs. But, by parity of reason, there is no difficulty in getting down, and the people who have appeared there and stayed a few dances, from a sense of duty, rush away, if they have a card, to the real pleasure of the evening, which consists in being as nearly squeezed to death and suffocated as art can compass and nature sustain.

But where there is a will there is a way. Strensal, as a practical man, knew that large London houses have two staircases; and, being incumbered with no prejudices, he put his Gibus hat under his arm, made his way through the swarming throng about the choked entrances of the cloak and supper rooms, and, reaching a comparative solitude in the penetralia of the mansion, found a perfectly practicable flight of steps, which, without let or hindrance, landed him on the first floor, at the very end instead of the beginning of things. He emerged upon a boudoir, fitted up as a tea room; but, as the reign of supper had begun, the activity of the tea department was by this time superseded.

Looking over the heads of the crowd which choked the doorway between this boudoir and the further end of the great ballroom, he caught a glimpse of Lady Helen. She was seated in the recess of the first window, not ten feet distant from the left jamb of the doorway, beyond the line of which it was all he could manage for some few minutes to stretch his neck just far enough to get the glimpse, subject to intermittent obscuration by the capricious movement of intermediate objects.

This glimpse was destined to remain depicted in the gazer's memory in much brighter colours than I can pretend to reproduce in a mere pen-and-ink sketch.

Near at hand, and clearly defined in the strong light of the ballroom, her perfect form stood out against the soft, dim distance of the moonlit landscape seen through the open window behind her. It will be borne in mind that this further end of the ballroom, which ran the whole depth of the house, looked out on St. James's Park, and the moon was sloping slowly towards Buckingham Palace. Her pearly shoulder and neck crossed the dark, shadow-dappled, feathery masses of the trees. Her head rose high enough into the perspective to let the whiteness of the silver-sheeted water relieve the glossy moulding of her ebony locks. Her rich simplicity of beautiful hair, in which a natural wave was naturally treated, without any of those extravagant tricks whereby the coiffeur's art disguises and (when it is really beautiful, of course) deforms the real shape of the head, was adorned, but not concealed, by a light, transparent wreath of maidenhair fern, gemmed with a shower of crystal dewdrops, which trembled and glittered on delicate horsehair stems. (The ordinary maiden hair of millinery has its character entirely destroyed by being mounted on wire.) These looked as airy and as watery as if they had been real ferns, and had grown there. A double string of pearls was twined and looped loosely in beneath the fluttering, translucent foliage. A necklace of large pearls sat sweetly on that magic line of beauty which marks the proud spring of beauty's throat from the softly rounded slope of beauty's bosom. Her dress was of silver poplin, with one broad white lily in her breast, set in a nest of fern to match the wreath.

Lady Bexteymont was not visible in her daughter's vicinity. Helen was under the local chaperonage of Lady Wrottesworth, Priscilla Haughton that was before she married Lord Worsborough's eldest son. Lord Worsborough had by this time succeeded his kinsman and father-in-law, and become Earl of Pemberwold, so that Charles Hartoft now bore the second title. Priscilla was taking care also of two of the Bransdale girls, who were her first cousins by the mother's side. They came back from dancing the Lancers a moment after Strensal got to the doorway. One of them was on the arm of Lord Haughton, Priscilla's brother; and having delivered her in rather a nonchalant manner, which looked as if he had only danced with her by his sister's command, he began to address himself in a much more empressé style to Lady Helen.

Lord Haughton had fulfilled the promise of his early youth, and become what would formerly have been called an exquisite of the first water. Nowadays there is no term for it but the vulgar and much more vague expression, a "great swell." His hair was parted nearly down the middle; his shirt front was worth about ten guineas as a specimen of embroidery, and contained three single stone diamond studs, worth about a hundred and fifty pounds each. Every bit of him was taken pains with, even to the *ars celare artem*. His usual manner had a sublimely studied negligence, like the arrangement of his whiskers, which were curled and pulled out with a careless hand innumerable times, while moist, for a picturesque accident, before his valet was allowed to set the bandoline by waving hot irons about those hyacinthine twirls.

Somehow with Lady Helen, who had known him in his ridiculous boyhood, he could not quite preserve that splendid complacency by which, in his maturer years, he had learnt to impose on society. His ambition was to be a greater man than Swelchster, who was a year his senior at Christ Church, and had a greater following of toadies. He had been rather too assiduous in his attentions to Lady Helen ever since she had refused Swelchster. If he could but have won Lady Helen, that would have wiped Swelchster's eye for life.

It is not often a pleasant sight to a man who loves a young lady to stand unobserved by and see her talking to a handsome young man who is evidently taking the greatest pains to make himself agreeable. But Lord Haughton's forte did not show itself most when he was doing his utmost.

Lady Helen had begun to apply her remedies against superfluous admiration to the young man's vanity. For her secret of prophylactic repression in such cases was nothing more mysterious than a cool and polished candour, in which, without any palpable distortion, the persons to be disenchanted seemed to see the reflection of their own absurdities.

Like the magic shield of burnished steel which Minerva lent to Perseus, this bright, impenetrable surface of simplicity had a wonderful efficacy in putting importunate young coxcombs out of conceit with themselves. The ordinary sort of admiration for a young lady springs from some latent faculty she has of making the admirer feel at his best and most brilliant when irradiated by the sympathising intelligence of bright eyes which reflect upon him a grateful consciousness of his own attractive, talented, and noble attributes.

In comparing the average young lady of fashion to a mirror, it would obviously be ungallant to assume that mirrors are necessarily of a plain superficies. The living mirror is reflexible as well as reflective, and has a voluntarily variable focus which could not be matched in the actualities of optical appliances. She is more or less concave towards each eligible young gentleman, who accordingly finds his image magnified in direct proportion to his eligibility. To just tolerable matches the self-adjusting surface rises to an impartial plane; but in the presence of useless younger sons and the small fry of the public offices it becomes convex in proportion to their disabilities till it spheres itself in utter disparagement of matrimonial insignificance, like one of those garden globes which we cannot approach without seeing ourselves reduced to hideous pigmies.

Lord Haughton was so much accustomed to view his noble and eligible self in the concave phases of female receptivity, that the level steel of the Perseus shield put him out of the sublime proportions of his accustomed countenance. He was not prospering in his attempt to persuade Lady Helen either to go down to supper or to dance the galop of which the first bars were beginning; but he was an impediment to several other wistful young men, who hovered about in the rear. Helen looked a little weary and apathetic; and, when her features were released from their languid, conventional

play in listening and replying, there was a sort of grave abstraction, not amounting to sadness, but which, in so young a face, implied an absence of the joyous eagerness and excitable alertness of youth.

A sudden light flashed into her expression, however, as she recognised Strensal's face above the moving crowd. Some convulsion, connected with the start of the galop, had disturbed the compactness of the blockade at his hitherto impassable doorway; he had got through, and was making his way towards her.

The summer lightning of welcome in Helen's eyes was but a momentary gleam of surprise and pleasure; by the time he reached her it had faded into an expression of constraint, which only showed that it was not calm indifference by a slight pallor and a scarcely perceptible unsteadiness in the lines of the lips. She felt that his eye had been on her before she was aware of his presence, and that he must have seen the change of her countenance on recognising him.

He had seen it, and he saw also the effort of maiden reserve to resume her previous air. She rose to shake hands with him, saying, with a smile, "I was so struck with wonder I could hardly believe it was you, at first. Who would have thought of meeting you at a ball?"

He held her hand about the tenth part of a second longer, and some fraction of a grain stronger pressure than he ever had done before, and replied, "I thought of meeting you, and I came on purpose to—You are not going to dance this galop? I think I saw you refuse Haughton just now;"—and he looked round as if he expected to see him lingering in the neighbourhood, but he had vanished—"so I suppose it would be in vain to ask you to dance it with me?"

"Oh! it doesn't matter about Haughton," taking his arm, and disposing herself to dance the galop without further solicitation. "I have danced with him twice, and he knows I never dance more than twice with the same partner."

"I think I danced oftener than that with you at Georgiana's wedding ball."

"Did I? I suppose I must have been very young and inexperienced in those days. Besides, that was in the country. One grows old very quickly in this London air. What a long, long time ago it seems!" Here they launched themselves in the galop.

"You have never danced with me since that Ormesdale ball."

"Only dance on very great occasions. The London air has been acting upon me for so many seasons that I have really grown old; but I never felt old age setting in upon me so swiftly as in these last six weeks."

"Your old age must be very swift of foot if it keeps up with you at the pace we are going just now."

"I am making a last desperate effort to overtake my youth; nay, I almost feel as if I were overtaking it."

The throbbing, eddying magic of the dance took possession of that happy pair, and carried them away in its tempestuous vortex. The sudden joy of union leapt in their hearts and raced through their veins with a tumultuous rush of emotion that outran the fast and furious music. If his words caught the infection of that giddy tune, and took their colour from the crimson tide that surged in maddening pulses, it is fair to print those unconsidered words in black and white for cold-blooded criticism to characterise as florid rhodomontade? Such words were spoken. And, fortunately, the only criticism available at the moment was affected by analogous conditions. "If this glittering floor," he continued—and he remembered that the glancing oaken *parquet* is a very different platform from the "floor of the house," and a Posthorn Galop a very different tune from that of Parliamentary discourse—

"If this glittering floor were widened out to the ends of space, and all the tapers of the chandeliers were turned to suns, I feel as if, with you thus near me, I could whirl for ever through the universe, swifter than Time could follow us, so that we should never grow old any more than the planets do. I am talking wildly—mere madness if there be no kindred interpretation in your heart to read the spell that makes my words run wild in their despair of sober utterance. Do you know that it is your sweet influence which lends me wings to overtake my youth, while you are near me? that in your absence every moment is a winter added to my age? I love you with a love that I can as little express as the dull, frost-bound earth can speak its yearnings for the spring. I could bear this doubt no longer. It has been driving me to the very edge of distraction. I have abstained from approaching you so long, because I knew that evil tongues had hissed false whispers in your ear—falsehoods I had and have no right to suppose in any way concern you, and of which it would have been and still is presumptuous rashness in me to intrude on you with my denial. I love you as I have never loved before, with all my heart, and soul, and mind, and strength; and I ask your love in return—as I have never, by word, or deed, or implication, asked any other love before—the love on which the sum of all my earthly hope of happiness is staked. Do not condemn me hastily for the abruptness with which this rash avowal may have shocked and startled you. If you knew what a terrible dread has seized me lest, while I have been consuming my heart in silence to give false rumour time to dissipate itself, my silence might be misconstrued into indifference, you would forgive me for resolving, at all hazards, to declare myself to you. Now, at least, you know, as far as words can tell you, that I love you. Look into my soul with your eyes, dearest, and judge if I love you truly."

Helen raised her eyes a moment only; but, at that moment, what a world of love she took and gave! As the poet puts it in much more forcible terms than my pedestrian muse could venture on (and, indeed, blank verse is a more commodious vehicle for fine writing on the sentiments), instead of attempting to describe how Lady Helen felt and acted in this trying scene, I venture to substitute a passage—from which, to be sure, I might have pillaged the ideas and disguised them pretty effectually in my prose, but which, as it stands, could not be more to the purpose, even if it had been inspired by the occasion:—

A moment only! And, while laggard Time
Could scarce let drop one solitary grain
Of sand to count by, all his lightning love
Flashed through her, and returned with all her love
Commingled in his own. A flying flame—
With light enough to blaze a thousand years
Through boundless space—rekindling, comet-like,
The waning stars along its glorious path,
Took larger orbit in that moment's space,
Sphering twin souls in one infinity
Of Love—Eternal love for evermore.
So their eyes met; then her pure lids drooped down
In sweet confusion, veiling lovely shame
At love's confession; and the sable fringe
Of silken lashes on her glowing cheek,
Suffused with happy blushes, softly fell
As fall the sable fringes of the night
On the flashed sunset of a bridal eve.

If any one insists on being informed of the actual phrase in which Helen made reply, as her lover bent over her to catch the low-murmured sentence of his fate, they were but very simple little words she uttered,

"I believe you love me truly."

"Will you be mine?"

"I am already yours as much as I am my own to give away."

"Not away, dearest heart, since I am yours. Given to your own cannot be given away. Away with away, it is a miserable word that belongs to sad hearts pining far apart. Given to me, my own sweet other soul is not away, but twofold more your own. Such an ever multiplying, imperishable wealth there is in love that the most precious of all earthly gifts which lifts me from abject penury and starvation of heart to riches beyond all the infinities of geometrical progression—" Here the last long scrape of the fiddle and a final flourish of the cornet-a-piston announced the close of that memorable galop and restored the reign of reason, for it is impossible to talk high sentiment in a ballroom when the loud music ceases.

"What is become of your mother? I don't see her anywhere."

"We should have seen her if she had been here, at least she would have seen us, and we should have had no difficulty in finding her after the dance was over," said Helen, with a look of intelligence. "Lord Ingatestone took her down to supper just when I

was going to waltz with Haughton, before the Lancers, and he persuaded her to let me stay, and that Priscilla would take perfect care of me; and so she has. Mamma will be here again directly; indeed, I wonder she has been so long; but, probably, the stairs are very crowded."

"Shall we try? Why should I not take you down to find her in the supper-room?"

The stairs were crowded. Strensal and Lady Helen succeeded in getting as far as the marble balustrade at the further end of the landing, and looking down they beheld Lady Bexteymont and the host, who was rather a plethoric nobleman, struggling (not with adversity, for it was the height of social prosperity which caused their impediment), and in process of gaining about a step of the stair to each alternate minute.

The anxious parent, who had still a prospective average of twenty minutes on the staircase before her, saw the object of her maternal solicitude, whom she was so slowly hastening back to look after, and wondered at the unaccustomed radiance of her happy smile, till she saw (and, I promise you, it gave her what in lower life would be called "a turn") in whose company Helen was so cheerfully blocked up on the crowded landing.

The sensations which passed through her mind before she rejoined her daughter during that *mauvais quart d'heure*, in which by increased exertion she did the twenty minutes' work, may be better imagined than described. It is my firm belief that a month on the treadmill would have taken less out of her constitution. Such torments, mental and corporeal, do parents undergo for their daughters' sakes.

Lady Bexteymont, though an excellent mother and an admirable woman from many points of view, was not, it must be confessed, in the very best of humours when she reached the summit of the staircase, whither the happy pair had by that time dutifully forced their way to meet her. She said, "How do you do, Mr. Strensal?" without shaking hands; adding, with a sweet but rather formal smile, that it was a very hot night. And, as she drew her daughter's arm through hers in token of resuming possession, she gave Mr. Strensal a polite but somewhat final bow, which said, perhaps plainer than words could speak, "Go away, Sir; you have taken advantage of my absence to break through the understanding which has tacitly existed between us—that you were to keep away from my daughter. I will look rather sharper after you for the future."

Lady Helen, however, put out her hand, and said "Good-by!" in a manner so familiar, if not affectionate, that her mother considered it little short of an act of rebellion.

Three quarters of an hour later, when their carriage-door had shut them off from the world, and Lady Helen told her mother all that had happened, she exclaimed, "Good Heavens, Helen! what have you done? Your father will never give his consent to it!"

CHAPTER XIII.

In the meantime, what had come of Lady De Vergund? Of course, the German spas were a blind. She had got a trace of the rogue Macfarlane, and was gone after mischief.

Sensation might be made of her visit to the secret intelligence office, whither, you may be sure, she went in disguise, leaving home in the costume of her maid, Middle. Celestine, with a thick veil, visiting on her way a private establishment at the end of an impassable court in the purlieu of Soho (where she kept a variety of wigs, beads, dresses, and theatrical properties of all sorts), and emerging on another street in quite a different character.

Before her journey she had a violent scene with her paralytic, ghastly wreck of a husband, who suspected her of some new amour, and had to be brought by strong language to provide her with a very large sum of ready money. For, the Tintagel inheritance having fallen in after her marriage, Lord De Vergund had the control of it. This scene would give a picturesque birdseye view of the felicity of the De Vergund pair's connubial relations, but there is no room for it, and it would not be pleasant reading if there were.

Three cabs, laden with Lady De Vergund's luggage, started for London-bridge station under the command of Achille, her courier. The luggage, except such portions of it as belonged to the courier and lady's-maid, was safely stored in a warehouse in Tooley-street, and Achille was waiting at the station when Lady De Vergund's carriage drove up and deposited her Ladyship and Celestine.

The confidential domestics, who were man and wife, started for Aix-la-Chapelle with a liberal allowance of funds to amuse themselves till called or telegraphed for. Their conversation on their way to Folkestone might give a curious sample of their ideas of discreet fidelity. Achille was of opinion that her Ladyship had arranged a clandestine honeymoon with a fresh lover. Celestine thought it was something more serious. At any rate, it was the occasion of a pleasant holiday to themselves.

When the train was gone, Lady De Vergund crossed over to the arrival side of the station and took a cab, which conveyed her to the neighbourhood of Soho. Her apartment, taken in the name of Mrs. Thompson, contained a sitting-room and bedroom, which were kept in order by the landlady, and a chamber of horrors, of which the door and shutters and the private stairs and passage of the other exit were secured by Bramah locks.

Here she selected her outfit in a new character. That evening a young French *commis voyageur*, with a short, black curly crop of hair, *au Titus*, rather a large moustache and an admirably-natural curly beard, in a loose pailot with highly-padded shoulders, and one of the sweetest things ever seen in hats; with puckered petgot trousers and dapper little high-heeled boots, went north by the night express. On the square, black leather commercial-looking portmanteaus were tickets, engrossed in a round, upright French hand,

"M. Jules Dupont, Fils,

"Voyageant pour MM. Lagrange et Dupont,

"Marchands de Châles à Lyon, GLASGOW."

Lady De Vergund, in this disguise, took with her three splendid Cashmere shawls; and, as an ostensible cause of staying in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, entered into relations with some of the Paisley manufacturers for the reproduction of similar patterns, driving a hard bargain as to the price per acre and exclusive right to be supplied with shawls of the given designs.

While the looms were being mounted she prosecuted her search for Macfarlane, and at length discovered him, sunk in poverty and crime, and deriving a precarious subsistence as a sort of scientific authority among the worst ruffians of the place, a legal accessory before the fact, whose opinion was worth having on the safest method, of violating the law.

The search for this choice co-operator in her scheme ought to have a chapter to itself. It could not be done through the police without alarming the object of her search, and giving a greater chance of some clue to her own identification with the affair, which, of course, she was most anxious to conceal both from the world at large and Macfarlane in particular.

It would seem, if the pages of fiction are to be relied upon, that great ladies bent on mischief habitually summon to their palatial homes, and have interviews with, dark villains and desperadoes who are ready, on the receipt of a purse of gold scornfully flung down before them, to risk their necks at their lady's bidding. These worthies sometimes do, even in novels, turn upon their employer; still they only do it, as it were, under compulsion of poetical justice, towards the end of the third volume. But in practical life you cannot invoke the assistance of low and cheap villainy except on equal terms. You must be a low and cheap villain yourself, and go halves with your accomplice. Position and wealth, which give a vantage-ground for good, are so far an impediment to evil, that your opulent villain labours under the disadvantage of being the easiest victim to the hand of an unequal associate. The wolf cannot hunt steadily in couples with the stag, however badly-disposed a stag it may be. The beast of prey can never forget that there is venison on his aristocratic comrade's flanks. He has learnt in his quarrels that wolf-in-the-skin is by no means dainty; and he knows that in getting a tatter of wolf's ear he may lose a large gulp of wolf's bowels. Hence, honour among thieves.

Lady De Vergund had taken great pains to cut off all traces of her identity; and she intended, when she had laid her train with Macfarlane, to rejoin Celestine and her courier in Aix-la-Chapelle, resume her identity, and return to England, after really making a short tour of the German spas.

Her first interview with Macfarlane began by narrating, in broken English, an account of the loss of a parcel of Paisley shawls, and offering a reward of half the cost price for their recovery. He undertook to make inquiry. But when M. Dupont said further, "By-the-way, had he not a cousin, Janet Macfarlane? Where was she now?" the man suddenly turned as pale as death, and started up violently, as if he was about to attack the indiscreet questioner, so that M. Dupont had to keep him quiet with a cocked pistol till he could be assured that no harm was meant, and that money might be obtained by information on that point.

In this rapid interlude M. Dupont's foreign accent disappeared, and the hoarse, muffled tone of his speech gave way to clear, female utterance. When Macfarlane was convinced that this was no picturesque variety of detective police, but a female enemy of the Strensal family in disguise, he became more communicative, though the truth came out of him reluctantly, and bit by bit.

Neither the story of Janet Macfarlane nor its narrator are of sufficient interest to warrant their being reported at length in his roundabout evasive language; and a bare outline is all that is required by the exigencies of our narrative. She was beautiful and indiscreet. She may have had more, but she had not less, than two lovers. One was the handsome and aristocratic young officer of Dragoons, Arthur Strensal. The other was a clerk in a whisky distillery, Alexander Robertson by name. She eloped with the young officer, and the pair were known to have lived as man and wife for some months at Rothsay, and to have made a trip in the Highlands, passing as man and wife, but in both instances under an assumed name, as Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Simpson. When Arthur returned from his furlough to Glasgow, where his regiment was quartered, the connection continued till broken off by the discovery of some equivocal relations with the distillery clerk. She received, however, some pecuniary consolation for the loss of her aristocratic lover, on the strength of which (after Arthur and his family had been threatened with matrimonial claims, which were contemptuously set at naught) Robertson married her and opened a public-house, which did not prosper.

A year or two after, when Arthur Strensal became heir to the property by the death of his brother, a new attempt was made to extort money. By this time the marriage with Lady Matilda Grazbroke was in contemplation, and it was thought worth while to avoid exposure and hush the matter up. A thousand pounds was given as a sop to the writer, James Adam Macfarlane: another thousand to Janet herself, on condition of her marrying Robertson and going to Australia. (She was married to him already, but that fact was kept in the background.) And to retain them there the interest on a sum of £6000, invested in the Phoenix Insurance Office, at Sydney, was made payable to her and her husband on their joint personal application, or that of the survivor of them, after death proved—the principal to revert to the heirs of Mr. Strensal, of Thorskelf, on the surcease of such application.

By a different process, in which the laws of the land were more directly concerned, James Adam also, in the course of time, reached Australia, and when his term of penal servitude was expended, appealed, as a former benefactor to his cousin and her drunken and dissolute husband, to assist him with funds for his return. In this he had no success, and they totally refused to listen to his schemes by which they were to return to their native country along with him, and reopen their claims on a new generation of the Strensal family, "who," he argued, "could scarcely do less than purchase silence with the capital sum, in fee simple, which would be remitted as soon as the annuity ceased to be drawn." They preferred a certainty to a possibility, and would not stir.

Monsieur Dupont having heard so much proposed to guarantee them a similar annuity in England, and a handsome allowance for their passage home, if they would come back and institute a legal process. But then it came out, that, unfortunately, they had both died before her informant left Australia.

"Where had they died?"

"At the diggings, whither they had gone with a venture of spirits, laid in after the last dividend of their annuity. The enterprise had been pretty successful; but the man and his wife were both addicted to the commodity they dispensed, and, having both got dead drunk one night, managed to set fire to their hut and were burnt."

"Would the insurance office have certain knowledge of their deaths?"

"Not likely; for at Ballarat Robertson was only known by the nickname of Sandy Rob; and after his death, Macfarlane himself had furnished the police of the diggings with his proper designation as Robert Sanders."

"Then he (Macfarlane) was at the diggings himself at the time?"

"Yes; he had gone up with them; but could not get on with them from their intemperate habits."

M. Dupont then suggested that, those people being dead, as they had been beyond the four seas over thirty years, it would not be difficult to find substitutes who might be instructed accurately in their parts, and got to swear exactly what suited the occasion.

Macfarlane knew well enough that such a "plant" was impracticable; but by this time he saw his way to make something of the *soi-disant* Dupont, and he merely replied that to get up false evidence on a large scale and to make it hang together was a delicate, expensive, and dangerous operation. M. Dupont might not be aware that in English law there was such an offence as conspiracy, and that any of the instruments in the transaction might turn upon the organiser of such an undertaking as guilty of inciting to commit a felony.

M. Dupont was prepared to find it delicate and dangerous; but, as to the expense, he would readily supply the means of making it worth while to everybody concerned; in earnest of which he handed over to Macfarlane a hundred pounds in hard cash to begin with.

It is proverbially dangerous to let a beast of prey taste blood, and when a professional villain touches money it is much the same thing. Macfarlane's whole attention naturally concentrated itself on the best means of getting all that was to be got out of the mysterious person whom some left-handed providence presiding over the destinies of rogues had drifted into his net. The contemplated operation on the Strensal family fell back into a secondary place, and was for the present to be manipulated merely as a means to this primary enterprise. The proposed ends of this lady, who had taken such pains to disguise her identity, were incompatible with his own more practicable views of the affair. She desired an open scandal, which would damage the position of the person attacked, whereas he knew that his only chance of making anything by it was to trade on the fear of what might come to light, and sell his silence. But the mysterious lady must be humoured, and her interest in the affair used to draw her into his clutches. She was unaccompanied, and her disguise was good. In all probability none of her belongings knew of her whereabouts. She had money, probably cash, as banking operations implied a traceable connection; money paid into a Glasgow bank to M. Dupont's credit must be paid by somebody.

If he could make out who she really was it might be a perpetual source of extortion. If not, under pretence of taking her to see a likely subject to personate the deceased Janet, whose local habitation would be laid at some distance from Glasgow, M. Dupont and all his moveable effects might be appropriated and disposed of with a freedom from inquiry for which M. Dupont's own skilful precautions of impenetrable incognito would have been the best possible preparation.

(To be continued.)

AN INGENIOUS PERSONAGE has discovered an economical way of lighting cities, and proposes to apply it to Paris. Balloons, from the cars of which are to emanate an electric light, are to be fixed at certain stations, and hover over the city, in the proportion of one balloon to 50,000 persons. The city, it is said, would be lighter at night than it often is in winter by day.

OPERA AND CONCERTS

MR. BALFE's new opera, "*Blanche de Nevers*," founded on the play called "*The Duke's Motto*," has formed the chief subject of conversation in musical circles during the past week. We believe, however, that the opera was more talked about before its production than after it had seen the footlights. It was brought out this day week, and that very day settled its fate for ever. We must not be understood to imply that the composer was hissed, that the curtain was dropped before the performance had half concluded, or that the opera was in any respect unfavourably received. We are now much too refined and polite to indulge in any such decided tokens of disapproval, and proper precautions are taken for imparting the desiderated *couleur de rose* tint to all the proceedings of a first night. Whether or no the parties concerned thought that extraordinary measures must be taken for the protection of this particular work, we cannot say; but we certainly have never before heard such emphatic, persistent, and systematic applause. Indeed, the applauders—we will not say *claqueurs*, it is an objectionable word—were worn out by their own exertions long before the performance was over. In the first act no less than four weak pieces were encoored, while, in the fourth, better music was allowed to pass unnoticed. Talleyrand's caution against over-zeal might have been impressed with advantage upon the "applauders." Any eyewitness who kept his own judgment in abeyance, and who was desired to send to some anxious friend a true report of the fate of the work, must have been rarely puzzled. Each entr'acte reversed in private conversation the enthusiastic plaudits which had just been awarded, and the brilliant triumph of the pit was, in the corridors, pronounced to be a lamentable *fiasco*.

The truth lay, as usual, in the middle. "*Blanche de Nevers*" is scarcely a complete failure, but it is very far from being a success. It contains two duets and two or three ballads which are decidedly effective; but the work, as a whole, is dull and devoid of all interest. It is true that the composer has been very much fettered by his choice of a libretto; but for this choice he must of course be held responsible. How Mr. Balfe could imagine that "*The Duke's Motto*" was adapted to musical treatment is indeed incomprehensible. It consists of a mere series of wildly improbable adventures, so loosely strung together that no interest can be felt either in the progress of the story or in the fate of the characters represented. The libretto has been written by Mr. J. Brougham, the adapter of the French drama, and the lyrical portions of the book are above mediocrity. The original prologue has been entirely omitted, and the audience are thus deprived of the only key by which they could hope to unlock the mystery of the play. For a spectator who has not seen "*The Duke's Motto*" it must be quite impossible to know what "*Blanche de Nevers*" is all about.

We may spare our readers an analysis of the work; the mere mention of the successful pieces will be amply sufficient. In the first place, then, there is a very charming duet for soprano and tenor, "Must we part, and that for ever?" which, were it not for a certain ugly unison passage, would be worthy of unreserved commendation. It is equally excellent in feeling and design, while the instrumentation is as original as it is felicitous. The duet is at first quite unaccompanied, and the voices are afterwards sustained by horn and harp, a quaint figure for the bassoon being also noticeable in the very sparing orchestration of the piece. The next best "number" of the work is again a duet, "For evermore, for evermore," also for the soprano and tenor, accompanied by harp and chorus. It finishes the scene in which, at the very conclusion of the play, Lagardère, under the disguise of the hunchback, fascinates Blanche, by pretended mesmerism, into a consent to marry him. The most successful ballad is one for Blanche, "As sunlight beaming on a summer lake;" the first phrase is particularly elegant, and sung to perfection by Miss Louisa Pyne, to whose style it is remarkably well suited. The ballad was encoored with real delight. A song for Lagardère, "Wilt thou think of me?" although the first few notes recall, unfortunately, to the hearer's recollection the original "*Schottische*," is also agreeable and pretty. We may, too, single out for more or less praise a song for Blanche, "There is a void within my heart;" an unaccompanied quartet, nicely and smoothly written in the finale to the first act; the opening gipsy chorus, a good melody, well harmonised; and the short but highly effective introduction that does duty for an overture. The graceful theme of this instrumental prelude, by-the-by, is dragged in, either for the voice or for the orchestra, whenever anybody's mother is mentioned by any one on the stage. Can a more unmeaning or inartistic parody of a well-known Meyerbeerish effect be imagined?

The performance may be imagined by all frequenters of the Royal English Opera. Miss Louisa Pyne is a highly accomplished artiste, who cannot fail to sing well. Each of her plaintive songs was rendered to perfection; nor were the brilliant passages provided for her less perfectly delivered; but her voice shows unmistakable signs of giving way before the hard work to which it is subjected; and if she does not take much more rest than she has been in the habit of allowing to herself, she will certainly endure the mortification of giving place to rivals whose powers have not been so overtaxed. Miss Lilie assumes the part of the gipsy Zillah, and although she sings nicely her voice is much too small to enable her to produce any effect in Covent-garden Theatre. Miss Emma Heywood, who has a genuine contralto voice—a rarity in these days—did justice to the small part of the Princess; while the Prince himself was personated with due weight by Mr. Weiss. The ballet was well danced, and the opera very satisfactorily, though not at all sumptuously, put upon the stage. The chorus betrayed on the first night symptoms of want of sufficient rehearsal; but the orchestra was excellent, and Mr. Mellon conducted with his usual success.

There is a moral to be drawn from this succession of quasi-failures, quasi-triumphs; but for speaking of this we will choose another opportunity.

Beyond the production of "*Blanche de Nevers*," nothing noteworthy has occurred this week. The Monday Popular Concerts and those of Julien both continue, and Mr. Martin also began his fourth season on Wednesday with "*Judas Maccabeus*." The vocalists were Mmes. Parepa, Miss Palmer, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Cummings, vice Mr. Sims Reeves—hoarse.

RECEPTION OF CAPTAIN SPEKE AT TAUNTON.

CAPTAIN SPEKE, the discoverer of the source of the Nile, a few days since received a warm reception from his friends and neighbours on his arrival at Taunton, the principal town of his native county. A procession was formed to escort him from the railway station to the new Shirehall, where the following address was presented by the High Bailiff of the borough:—"The inhabitants of Taunton, in public meeting assembled, avail themselves with great pleasure of this opportunity afforded them by your return to your native county to tender for your acceptance their warm congratulations on the signal success which has attended your persevering efforts to discover the source of the Nile. They desire to share in the general expressions of admiration and applause which have been so freely offered to you in connection with this important and scientific discovery. They trust that your life may be spared for many years to come, and that you may be encouraged by the success of your past exertions in the cause of science to contribute additional honours to the name of a family which has been identified with the interests and the history of Somerset for so many past generations. They sincerely hope that it may please her Most Gracious Majesty to confer on you some signal mark of her Royal approbation, and that Parliament may recognise your services by a suitable acknowledgment."

The procession consisted of several brass bands, the police force, committee and trades, the various colleges of the town, the 3rd Somerset Rifle Corps and band, Captain Speke in carriage-and-four, Foresters and townsmen, private carriages of friends, &c.

The gallant Captain was also escorted to his family seat by large numbers of gentlemen and neighbours on foot and on horseback.

The narrative of the discovery of the source of the Nile and of the travels in Equatorial Africa of Captains Grant and Speke will probably be published in December. Captain Speke has passed the autumn in Scotland, employed on the preparation of his journal.



WILD-BOAR HUNT IN PRESENCE OF THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH AND THE PRINCESS A. MURAT. NEAR VILLAFRANCA, ANDALUCIA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. BAUMANN.)

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH AT A BOAR-HUNT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the cordiality of the receptions accorded to the Empress of the French during her journey through Spain, they might possibly have become a little monotonous had they not been varied by entertainments in accordance with the different districts through which she passed. Not the least singular of these was the amusement in which she was invited to take a part during her stay in Andalusia, the very garden of Spain, where the scorching African blasts are cooled by their passage over the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada. In every production of natural wealth this province seems to abound; and as the rich pastures of the mountains and valleys afford food for innumerable herds of cattle (among which the bulls have been renowned for ages), so the great oak-woods of the Sierra de Ronda, of Cordova, serve to nourish a multitude of hogs, while stream and mountain abound in almost every sort of fish and game.

But that we have grown accustomed to see the name of that delicate and gentle lady as an occasional spectator of sports which often involve danger to the performers, we might think it a doubtful compliment on the part of the Duke of Fernandina to have invited her to a genuine wild-boar hunt; but we must remember that Eugenie di Montijo, the Empress, was accustomed to most of the sports which require courage and decision, and that she has the reputation of being a skilful and fearless horsewoman. The spot selected for the hunt was the wooded country beyond Villafranca, a town of some little importance, on the right bank of the Guadalquivir, and situated on the tongue of land which lies between the mouth of the river and the sea.

El Coto de Villafranca is renowned for its wild boars, and the chase which was appointed for a morning's amusement became in fact a rather serious day's work, since the sportsmen started not only one, but a whole herd of the animals, the largest of which they ultimately succeeded in bringing to bay, so that her Majesty and Princess Anna Murat, who accompanied her, might witness a com-

plete combat, resulting in the destruction of the game, by the Duke of Fernandina, the Marquis Alventos, the Marquis of Granja, M. de Validares, and other gentlemen composing the party.

The wild hog showed fight in earnest, however; and, although checked for a moment by the lance of one of the attendants, sprung fiercely towards the Marquis Alventos, who, for a time, held it at bay by his lance, waiting for the Empress to come up. It again threw itself forward, however, with such force that it contrived to attack the horse of the Marquis, which was badly wounded, and the

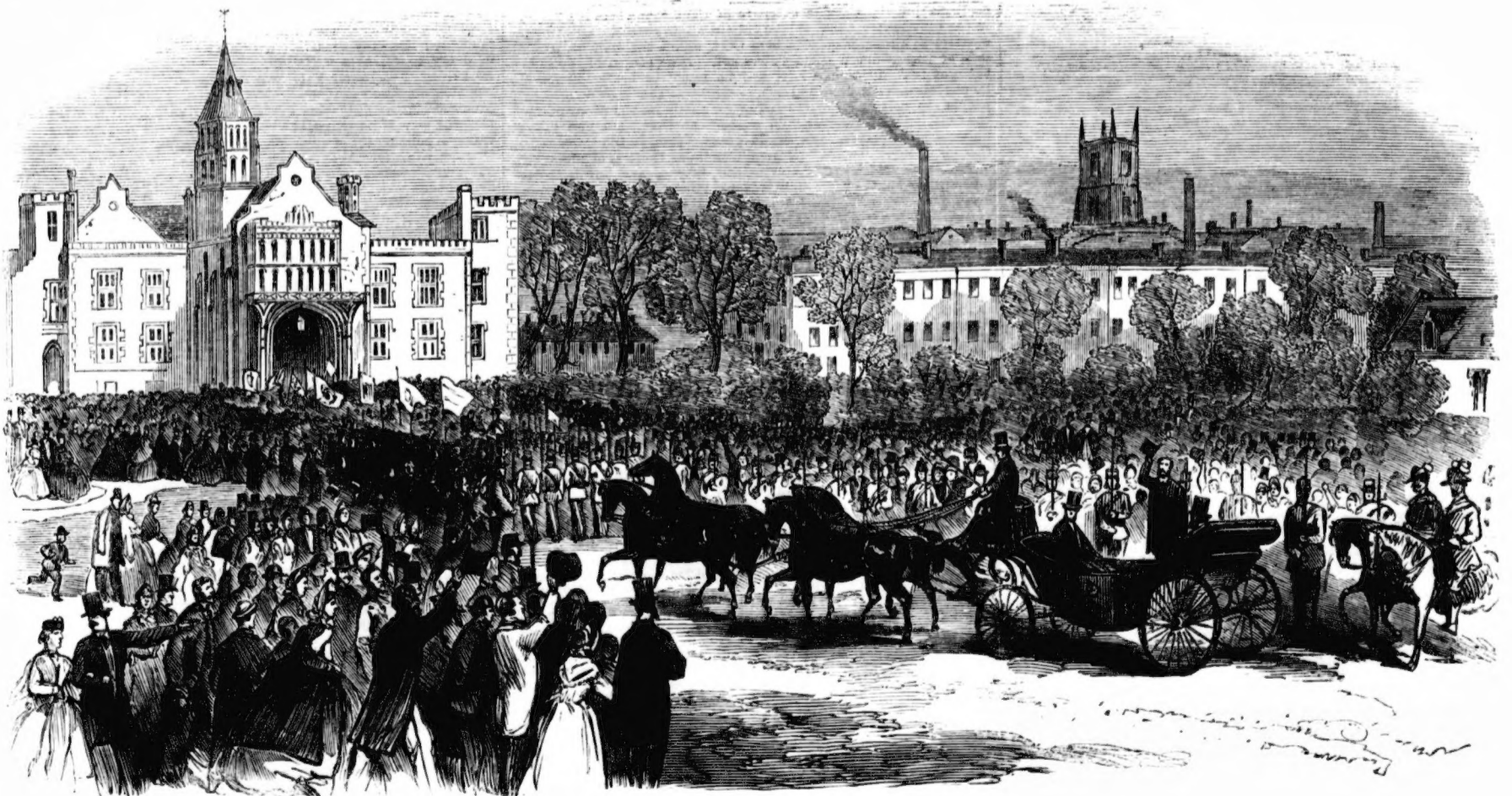
animal several times with his sabre, but without effect, owing to its bristles and thick skin. The boar at last plunged into the Oise and swam across. On the opposite bank the pursuit was taken up by a number of peasants, and the boar at last took refuge in the gardens adjoining the railway station, where it was shot by M. Bouillon, a coffee-house keeper. The carcase, weighing about 100 kilogrammes, was immediately cut up and divided among the peasants and others who had assisted in the chase and capture.

rider himself was only saved from injury by his riding-boots. At this moment the Duke of Fernandina came to his friend's assistance, and with consummate skill contrived to prod the boar with his lance in such a way as to keep him at a respectful distance. It was at this moment that one of the attendants let loose one of the enormous Andalusian hounds, which seized the boar, while the Duke finished him with his hunting-knife. Our Engraving is taken from a sketch representing this critical incident of the Imperial amusements in Andalusia. Boar-hunting, however, is as favourite an amusement in France as it is in Spain, although it cannot so frequently be followed with success. Only a few days ago a somewhat singular chase occurred at Villeron, near Louvres, in the park of Baron Roger, about five leagues from Paris. Seven gentlemen were preparing for a day's partridge-shooting on the adjacent plains, when M. Raffard, who rents the park, came to inform them that no less than eleven wild boars had just left the wood, and were at that moment in the outbuildings of his farmhouse. The sportsmen immediately loaded their guns with ball, and surrounded the premises, while labourers were employed to drive out the game. The boars soon made their appearance, and nine of them were killed, but the largest of all got clear off.

Just before the adjournment of the Court to Compiègne, too, a part of the regiment of Cuirassiers in garrison in that town were returning from a military promenade, when a wild boar ran across the road just before them. One of the officers started in pursuit, and struck the



"GATHERING BLACKBERRIES: EXTRACTING A THORN."



THE WELCOME HOME AT TAUNTON TO CAPTAIN SPEKE.

BLACKBERRYING.

It is the custom nowadays to give scientific names to our very amusements, and in our continual effort to be artificial we can scarcely determine what is play and what is serious, sober work. Learning must be made amusing—amusement must be made learned; and the consequence is that we are continually in that uncertain condition which is experienced by the boy who, for some unexplained reason, finds himself laughing in church. It appears to us that children at least can never really learn so much of nature, and consequently of art, or even science, by approaching her with the cold, set terms of scientific etiquette, as they may, by that loving experience of birds, and trees, and flowers gained by a long country ramble. It is Professor Kingsley who speaks of the marvellous revelations in a square foot of turf, examined carefully and lovingly—of the strange insect life, the variety of grasses, the singular structure of leaf and blade, the minute but teeming existence to be discovered in that miniature world. We believe that this method of scientific investigation originated not in the technological school, but with those earlier excursions whose object was "blackberrying." The lanes where the ripe luscious berries grow are the very places for such discoveries, and the cautious handling and keen sight which are necessary for gathering the fruit successfully are the very qualifications necessary for the skilful botanist or entomologist.

There are savans, grey in science and venerable for learning, to whom a blackberrying excursion is still a holiday of pure enjoyment, and it will, we hope, be long before English children disregard their autumn jaunts to the green lanes, their simple dinner (its dessert plucked when required from the hedges) eaten under the shadow of the trees—their fingers all stained with the purple juice, their baskets filled with ripe fruit, covered daintily with green leaves. There are few holidays so pure and healthful; the only probable danger being an ugly scratch or a thorn in some little plump finger. And then, blackberrying is such a great occasion for the youngest of all the party, who can only just reach the straggling branches that trail towards the ground; all have their share in the pleasure and the reward; and the elder children have so much sympathy for the little ones when they lift them up that they may reach the high branches, or, with a skill learned by experience of their own hurts, extract the accidental thorns from their chubby hands. The last of the fruit has been gathered from our hedges for this year, but, as surely as the autumn returns, blackberrying will be the anticipated holiday of a host of English children.

Literature.

Tales of a Wayside Inn. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Routledge and Co.

What sort and degree of reputation would Mr. Longfellow have had in Great Britain if the copyright laws had prevented the republication in this country of his earlier poems as they appeared? It could not have been nearly so great as it is now, but it could not have differed much in kind from what it actually is. Perhaps it would have been higher rather than lower; it might have gained in quality by the first appeal being made to cultivated readers. For, in spite of his simplicity, Mr. Longfellow is really a very refined artist. His worst fault is that he takes things too easily, and lets his extreme readiness in turning rhymes drop him down into doggerel now and then; for illustrations of which "The Golden Legend" may be referred to *passim*. In "Hiawatha," however, the poet has entirely mastered the "fatal facility" of the trochaic measure—a conquest so admirable that much may be pardoned to him elsewhere. The poems now before us are occasionally languid, but the fatal facility does not often appear. Here is all the old gentle skill (with which we are so familiar) in touching common things with poetic light. But there is also all that want of strongly-marked individuality of treatment which tempts the critic to say the poet owes unreasonably more to his theme than his theme to him; and then sets him on to asking the question with which we started. Some little national jealousy—not, we hope, unworthy—mingles in the feelings with which we make the inquiry. Here is Matthew Arnold; here is Aubrey de Vere; here is William Allingham—and what do the general public know about their poetry? They are all three men who are much more intensely poets than he, and all three finer artists. Mr. Arnold and Mr. Allingham have chosen subjects as "human" as any of Mr. Longfellow's; and yet here, in their own native land, they are not half—not a third—not a fourth so well known as the American, who owes a great part of his popularity to an accident of copyright! Surely a most whimsical state of things, and one which is not set right by any Transatlantic "successes" of poets like Mr. Arnold and Mr. Allingham; for it is totally impossible that Americans in general should worthily love them.

Everybody guesses what the present volume of poems is like before he dips into it. A mixed party are seated in the parlour of a country hotel, and they tell stories. Mr. Longfellow is very apt to talk about inns, and always describes them as if he loved them. Here you have this particular

WAYSIDE INN.

Through the wide doors the breezes blow,
The wattle cocks strut to and fro,
And half effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign.
Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust
Went rushing down the county road,
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,
A moment quickened by its breath,
Shuddered and danced their dance of death,
And through the ancient oaks overhead
Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

But from the parlour of the Inn
A pleasant murmur smote the ear,
Like water rushing through a weir;
Of laughter and of loud applause,
And, in each intervening pause,
The music of a violin.
The fire-light shedding over all
The splendour of its ruddy glow,
Upon the whole parlour large and low;
It streamed on wainscot and on wall,
It touched with more than wonted grace
Fair Princess Mary's pictured face;
It bronzed the rafters overhead,
On the old spindle's ivory keys
It played inaudible melodies,
It crowned the sombre clock with flame,
The hands, the hours, the maker's name,
And painted with a livelier red
The landlord's coat-of-arms again.

This picture is, it will be observed, entirely made up of common-places, and yet the general result is pleasant. That is Longfellow all over. The wonder is how he keeps it up. Here is a still better specimen from

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE BY NIGHT.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pannels, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.
It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,

And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river's fog
That rises after the sun goes down.
It was one, by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

The last two lines may serve for an instance of the strained comparisons into which Mr. Longfellow too often falls. It is quite false to say the meeting-house windows had any such look; but, on the whole, the passage is a fine one—a very happy association of details in one picture.

The story of Paul Revere is that of a Yankee, who, during the War of Independence, saved the town by riding out by night to give warning of the approach of the British. Then we have the story of the Hawk and the Lady—which will be found in Leigh Hunt's dedication—and which is rather poorly told over again by Mr. Longfellow. Then, the still better known story of Torquemada; the story of King Robert of Sicily, with his "double;" and the story of the exploits of King Olaf Trygvason—familiar enough to the readers of Mr. Laing's "Heimskringla." "The Birds of Killingworth" (which is a trivial tale of a village which killed its sparrows, lost its fruit by insects, and had to import birds), is the only story which will probably be new to the student. The others are old friends.

The worst, intrinsically, of all the narratives which Mr. Longfellow has here tied up in a bunch are the Scandinavian ones. The story of King Olaf is a very stupid one, and why Mr. Longfellow pitched upon it is a puzzle (see *passim*, "Heimskringla," vol. i., page 367 et seq.). The story of Torquemada—an Inquisition horror, in which a father lights the fire that burns his daughter—demanded a stronger grasp than Mr. Longfellow's, if it was to be told in verse; and who, among us, wanted to be reminded of it again? The shorter poems, which go to make up the thickness of the book, are neat, and nice, and pure in sentiment; and that is all one need say about them.

Mr. Longfellow is the author of a book called "Kavanaugh," a prose story full of "promise." If Mr. Longfellow—now a young man of about sixty—would set to work he might, we fancy, redeem that promise by giving the world a good book in that kind. But we are of opinion that, in poetry, he has travelled over his own mind and quite explored it. Sir Walter Scott's career as a novelist did not begin until he was forty, and we are strongly of opinion that Mr. Longfellow is just at the age when he could give us a first-rate novel.

We have omitted to say that the story of King Robert of Sicily is better known in its more dramatic shape of "Jovian the Proud Emperor."

Industrial Biography: Iron Workers and Tool Makers. By SAMUEL SMILES. Author of "Lives of the Engineers." John Murray.

Plenty of entertaining and instructive matter might be got together under any possible classification of men—hatters, or undertakers, or dustmen; but under this heading we are on "the tracks of celebrated inventors, mechanics, and ironworkers—the founders, in a great measure, of the modern industry of Britain;" and the interest which attaches to the book is directly related to all the more tangible forms of progress. We had written *modern* progress, but had to strike out the adjective; for the story which Mr. Smiles so pleasantly tells begins with flint instruments in the drift, takes mediæval iron-smelting on its way, and is posted up to 1862. It is made up principally from original sources; and though Mr. Smiles acknowledges with unreserved candour the assistance he has (inevitably) received in the collection of material from those sources, his work is a striking monument of comprehensive industry and impartial intelligence. Mr. Smiles is really a capital writer. He has an honest grip of his subject, whatever it is, and always does justice to his matter, without doing his reader the wrong of exaggerating its importance.

Mr. Smiles is entirely free from cant. Certainly it would be difficult for anyone writing the lives of inventors to adhere to that particular article of Cantorship which affirms that genius is sure of recognition, and honest labour of its reward. This glib falsehood is so abundantly contradicted in the lives of the benefactors of mankind, that the wonder is how people can dare to go on repeating it. Genius and industry meet with just luck enough to encourage them, no more. Unless they can afford to be their own "exceeding great reward," let them despair. Despair is the lesson which is abundantly preached from such texts as are furnished by the names of Henry Cort, Dr. Roebuck, and the yet living Richard Roberts, unless the *aistros*—the sacred enthusiasm—be its own sufficient crown and fee. We would earnestly impress it upon the minds of the young that the lesson taught by history and biography is that, though everybody has a chance, the greater part of human effort finds no external recognition and meets no exceptional success. The whole analogy of "inanimate" nature confirms this. The double entendre of Cant says there is no waste in the universe; but that is true only in a sense which can bring no comfort to a struggling Roberts or Cort, unless the man be, like all men of true genius, consciously devoted. If he can be happy in the thought that the human race will be remotely better off for his labour when he is dead and gone—while, at the present moment, people are sucking his brains and getting rich on the process—then the teaching that there is "no waste" applies. Let him take it home, say his prayers, and die in peace. But, in the lower sense, there is as much "waste" of human brain as there is of the spawn of codfish, of which—as of star-nobles, acorns, and flower-seeds—uncountable, unthinkable milliards of milliards come to nothing every year.

Although the reader of Mr. Smiles's book will have brought home to him the sad truth—which the author does not attempt to disguise (pp. 170, 171)—that the "unsuccessful" inventors have been more in number than the successful, and that the gift of originating is a gift of sorrow, this is not a dull book, but one of the most pleasant and informing of the season. Its incidental value as a storehouse of information upon the flying topics of productive industry cannot be overstated. What is a reverberating furnace? What is Nasmyth's steam-hammer? What is Bessemer's process? What is the use of Mr. Babbage's inventions? Questions like these are clearly answered in Mr. Smiles's volume. What the curious reader will learn about Mr. Babbage will show him how utterly above ridicule are that gentleman's pursuits, and what a benefactor to humanity he really is, with that "calculating machine" of his of which comic writers do not see the utility. The fact is, he ought not to be left to wage war with the brass bands; Government ought to provide him with an island in the sea all to himself. The following short extract will give an interesting glimpse of the subject:—

MR. BABPAGE AND HIS LABOURS.

The preparation of arithmetical tables of high numbers involved a vast deal of labour; and, even with the greatest care, errors were unavoidable and numerous. Thus in a multiplication-table prepared by a man so eminent as Dr. Hutton for the Board of Longitude, no fewer than forty errors were discovered in a single page taken at random. In the tables of the *Nautical Almanack*, where the greatest possible precision was desirable and necessary, more than five hundred errors were detected by one person; and the tables of the Board of Longitude were found equally incorrect. But such errors were impossible to be avoided so long as the ordinary modes of calculating, transcribing, and printing continued in use. . . . It was reserved for Mr. Babbage to develop the idea by means of a machine which he called the Difference Engine. This machine is of so complicated a character that it would be impossible for us to give any intelligible description of it in words. Although Dr. Lardner was unrivalled in the art of describing mechanism, he occupied twenty-five pages of the *Edinburgh Review* (vol. 59) in endeavouring to describe its action, and there were several features in it which he gave up as hopeless. Some parts of the apparatus and modes of action are indeed extraordinary; and perhaps none more so than that for ensuring accuracy in the calculated results—the

* We except the legend of Queen Astrid on the island.

machine actually correcting itself, and rubbing itself back into accuracy, when the disposition to error occurs, by the friction of the adjacent machinery! When an error is made, the wheels become locked and refuse to proceed; thus the machine must go rightly or not at all—an arrangement as nearly resembling volition as anything that brass and steel are likely to accomplish.

With this quotation we part with Mr. Smiles's volume, warmly recommending it as one of universal interest, with a life and meaning of its own, and laboriously accurate in its details—a matter, this last, which we have been at some pains to test, as far as that was possible for the purposes of a casual review.

Wine, the Vine, and the Cellar. By THOMAS GEORGE SHAW. Longman and Co.

This is a large octavo volume, wherein five hundred pages are devoted to an exposition of the nuisance of the old wine duties, aspirations that the amended practice may be further amended, at least up to the point of equalisation of duties, and a thoroughly minute view of how every kind of wine is made and should be treated by producer, dealer, and consumer. This is a large field, and one which might fairly have been divided into some three or four different books. As it is, different classes of people will find all the information important to them in Mr. Shaw's volume; but they cannot obtain that without purchasing very much more than must almost necessarily be useless, although, indeed, it may happen to be curious and interesting reading. The supply of everything bearing upon the subject of wine is here so large, bearing, as it does, upon constant quotations of potation songs in all languages, together with anecdote, scenic description, and nicely-executed engravings of the birthplaces of epervay, chateau morgaux, lafitte, &c. The supply is so large that an account of one chapter may be taken as a specimen of what a large volume is likely to contain. Champagne, which is the one wine most universally approved by drinkers of all variety of ages, as well as of almost every clime, naturally forms the most interesting subject for the present purpose. Reims, the capital of Champagne, shares with Chalons and Epernay the honour of growing the best vintages. With the exception of Cognac, it may be doubted if there be any other small place so wealthy as Reims, and this state of prosperity is the result of champagne alone. The manufacture of this wine is a delicate process. The grapes may be pressed five or six times; the first three making first-class wines, whilst the fourth, fifth, and sixth require much brandy to make them palatable; but these are sometimes even preferred to the best by the faulty English market. The processes of fermentation, &c., are next treated; and then comes a curious passage about variety of grape. Many clever people have held moselle to be a less healthy wine than champagne because it is a mixed wine, but Mr. Shaw asserts that the best champagnes are made of as many as twelve different kinds of grapes, the proportion being eight kinds of black grape to four of white. The black impart strength and body; the white, richness, delicacy, and bouquet. After the early process of manufacture, the wine is passed from hoghead to hoghead to get rid of the lees, and then follows the delicate process of bottling. This requires much care, for the carbonic acid gas may be too strong, and sometimes a proportion of dissolved sugar candy is found necessary. That is the only fair adulteration employed. After corking, the wine is suffered to rest for awhile, if it will; but in all probability a liberal per centage of bottles burst; and great attention must be paid to getting a proper temperature. The next process is peculiar. The neck of each bottle is gradually depressed in the rack and jerked with the hand, until, finally, the bottle being almost upright, the noxious sediment has settled against the cork. The cork is then extracted, and, with a twitch of the hand, the sediment flies off, and the bottle is rapidly re-corked for a permanency, until the time of marriages, christenings, and Greenwich dinners, or whatsoever festivities all over the world induce people to "give champagne."

As champagne occupies thirty pages of Mr. Shaw's book, it is quite impossible to give any fair account of it in miniature, whilst equally interesting accounts of the many other wines, European, African, and Australian, must be left untouched. As for America, that may surely be left unnoticed, although catwba has had its praises sung in one of Mr. Longfellow's volumes, in verses generally understood to have been written for him by his friend Dr. Charles Mactay. Not the least gratifying part of this volume will be certain passages in which Mr. Shaw expressly disbelieves all the stories about adulteration. Lord Palmerston's story about Lord Pembroke's port he derides, and also various other theories entertained by satirical people who know nothing about the subject. Moreover, a popular prejudice in favour of new champagne is dispelled. Mr. Shaw relates how only lately he was favoured with some of the splendid vintage of 1834, which he found excellent in taste, and only somewhat deteriorated in the matter of effervescence.

The Census of the British Empire, with its Colonies and Foreign Possessions. By CHARLES ANTHONY COKE. Harrison, Pall-mall.

This is a most singular mass of statistics, suggested by the census of 1861. Being the first of three divisions, it embraces—and in a most lovingly complete manner, which leaves nothing to be desired—England and Wales, with the statistics of which the author is as much at home as is a mariner with his compass; he is able to work in every conceivable variation. Although apparently "wedded to his subject," as Henry VIII. was occasionally, Mr. Coke is already courting his wife's sisters—Scotland, Ireland, and the colonies, and promises statistical bigamy and trigamy before long; that is to say, that the empire on which the sun never sets will be reckoned up as regards population, occupation, age, diseases, &c., within a short time, in three several parts, which together will form a volume with more information about ourselves and our dependants than ever before existed in so small a space. A column might be filled with the curiosities of the census. In the fifty years from 1811 to 1861, the population of England and Wales has doubled itself. With the exception of Belgium, England is now the most densely-populated country in Europe. During the last ten years the metropolis has increased by nearly half a million, whilst the city of London has decreased by something like twelve thousand. Every county and every town has its population reckoned for 1861, and compared with that of 1851, the increase and decrease being given in another column, and always in the clearest possible form. Besides that, everything that comes within the range of Registrars General is carefully tabulated—births, marriages, and deaths being viewed with microscopic eye. The list of contents of Part I. alone is more than could conveniently be quoted here. It begins with a few pages on the Anglo-Saxon race, and winds up with a view of the progress of England compared with that of France; and, therefore, all that can be said is that the information is valuable and amusing, and that the reader's best and only chance is to get the book from Mr. Harrison. The price, eightpence, is amusingly small.

HORSE-RACING AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—The Sultan appears to be decidedly getting very fond of horseracing. The arrangements for the formation of a jockey club in Constantinople are in a forward state, and the list of the members of committee and the rules will shortly be published. Fuad Pacha has consented to accept the post of president. It is the Sultan's intention to erect a range of racing-stables at the racetrack at Kiahaneh, which is to be placed in charge of Mr. Thomas Renssion, who is to be appointed permanent clerk of the course. A match, suddenly improvised at the Kiahaneh racetrack, came off a few days ago, in the presence of the Sultan. His Majesty, it appears, was not perfectly satisfied with the relative performance of the Arab and English horses at the late race meeting; and, having expressed a desire to have a special trial made, five of the finest Arabs in the capital were selected to test their speed for a mile against Sefer Pacha's English horse Phoenix, ridden by Mr. Buck, and another English horse named Ad-mul-alem, belonging to his Highness Murad Effendi, ridden by Mr. J. H. Hutchinson. Zapkin, an Arab horse belonging to Emin Bey, was ridden by A. Reading, valet to the English Ambassador, generally considered to be the best jockey in the country. Phoenix carried 12 st. and Zapkin 9 st. For the first quarter of a mile the pace was exceedingly slow, but on passing the hill Phoenix shot ahead, and without any difficulty came in an easy winner, beating Zapkin by 180 yards.

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